THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE "IRON DUKE'S" STORY.

Full Text of the Dispatch of the Duke of Wellington Sent to the British War Office After the Battle of Waterloo.

He Dispels Some Oldtime Illusions—Where He Met Marshal Blucher After the Victory.

INTRODUCTORY.

[THE CITIZEN last week presented to its readers Napoleon's personal account of the Battle of Waterloo, recently translated from the French. Today it presents the official dispatch of the Duke of Wellington, covering the operations of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, which were, practically, the same battle, although fought in different places and on different days. It will be seen that the accounts of both great commanders differ materially. Wellington acknowledges his ignorance of Napoleon's bold forward movement until the night before Quatre Bras, June 15, 1815—the night of the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball at Brussels. He also credits the Prussians with much more share in the final victory than other British writers have ever allowed them. The Duke puts the hour of the French repulse and flight at 7 o'clock, but this is manifestly an error, as they still held the field at sundown, which, in that region, would be after 8 o'clock. The coming on of night, although the moon rose later, was one cause of the French disaster, as Napoleon has sufficiently explained. Had it remained cloudy, most of the army might have been rallied in the morning, but the clouds dispersed, and the moonlight gave the Prussians the opportunity to perceive, pursue and destroy them in detail. It must have been fate, for never in all their military history did the French fly in such unreasoning panic from a battlefield. Their two best corps—the men who won at Ligny on June 16—were with Marshal Grouchy, and, that officer having fatally blundered, were of no use to Napoleon. Wellington, in his letters to Lord Bathurst and others, states that he pursued the French in person as far as Genappe until after 10 o'clock at night, and it was in that village, and not at the farm house of La Belle Alliance, as commonly stated, that he met Marshal Blucher, to whom he committed the further pursuit of the French. Wellington complained to the historian Mudford (Paris, June 8, 1816) that people had "gone so far as to have seen the chair in which I sat down in that farm house" (La Belle Alliance) and adds further on, "In truth I was not off my horse until I returned to Waterloo between 11 and 12 o'clock at night." This statement utterly "knocks out" the theory of the engraving, so common in English homes, which represents Wellington and Blucher meeting at the farm house, instead of at Genappe. But why, it may be asked, all this pother about a battle so long fought? Because history is a noble study, and nobody can write history like those who helped to make it. Napoleon has destroyed the novels of Victor Hugo, Erckmann-Chatrian and others, which have made the world ring with the alleged charge of the "Old Guard" at Waterloo; while Wellington shows conclusively that Blucher and he had a perfect understanding about the movement of Bulow from Ohain, and that Hougomont was not a fortress but a simple farm house in Flanders, contrary to the exaggerated accounts of writers who were not in the battle. Prince Jerome Bonaparte led the assault on Hougomont. He was disastrously repulsed. Ney led the attack on La Haye Sainte, a place equally strong, and took it. Such is the difference in leaders.]

WATERLOO, 19th June, 1815

To Earl Bathurst: Buonaparte, having collected the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 6th corps of the French army, and the Imperial Guard, and nearly all the cavalry, on the Sambre, and between that river and the Meuse, between the 10th and 14th of the month, advanced on the 15th and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobbes, on the Sambre, at daylight in the morning.

I did not hear of these events till in the evening of the 15th; and I immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march, and afterwards to march to their left, as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack.

The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre on that day; and Gen Ziethen, who commanded the corps which had been at Charleroi, retired upon Fleurus; and Marshal Prince Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sombref, holding the villages in front of his position of St. Amand and Ligny.

The enemy continued his march on the road from Charleroi towards Bruxelles; and, on the same evening, the 15th, attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under the Prince de Weimar, posted at Frasne, and forced it back to the farm house, on the same road, called Les Quatre Bras.

The Prince of Orange immediately reinforced this brigade with another of the same division, under Gen. Perponcher, and, in the morning early, regained part of the ground which had been lost, so as to have the command of the communication leading from Nivelles and Bruxelles with Marshal Blucher's position.

In the meantime, I had directed the whole army to march upon Les Quatre Bras; and the 5th division, under Lieut. Gen. Sir T. Picton, arrived at about 2:30 p. m. in the day, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

At this time the enemy commenced an attack upon Prince Blucher with his whole force, excepting the 1st and 2d corps, and a corps of cavalry under Gen. Kellerman, with which he attacked our post at Les Quatre Bras.

The Prussian army maintained their position with their usual gallantry and perseverence against a great disparity of numbers, as the 4th corps of the army, under Gen. Bulow, had not joined; and I was not able to assist them as I wished, as I was attacked myself, and the troops, the cavalry in particular, which had a long distance to march, had not arrived.

We maintained our position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with a large body of infantry and cavalry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery. He made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner.

In this affair, H. R. H. the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, and Lieut. Gen. Sir T. Picton, and Major Gens. Sir J. Kempt and Sir D. Pack, who were engaged from the commencement of the enemy's attack, highly distinguished themselves, as well as Lieut. Gen. C. Baron Alten, Major Gen. Sir C. Halkett, Lieut. Gen. Cook, and Major Gens. Maitland and Byng, as they successively arrived. The troops of the 5th division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long and severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry. I must particularly mention the 28th, 42d, 79th and 92d regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians. Our loss was great, as your lordship will perceive by the enclosed return; and I have particularly to regret H. S. H. the Duke of Brunswick, who fell fighting gallantly at the head of his troops.

Although Marshal Blucher had maintained his position at Sombref, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged, and, as the 4th corps had not arrived, he determined to fall back and to concentrate his army upon Wavre; and he marched in the night after the action was over. This movement of the Marshal rendered necessary a corresponding one upon my part; and I retired from the farm of Quatre Bras upon Genappe, and thence upon Waterloo, the next morning, the 17th, at 10 o'clock.

The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blucher. On the contrary, a patrole which I sent to Sombref in the morning found all quiet; and the enemy's vedettes fell back as the patrole advanced.* Neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day, excepting by following, with a large body of cavalry brought from his right, the cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge. This gave Lord Uxbridge an opportunity of charging them with the 1st Life Guards, upon their *debouche* from the village of Genappe, upon which occasion his lordship has declared himself to be well satisfied with that regiment.

The position which I took up in front of Waterloo crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelles, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied, and its left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelles road, we occupied the house and gardens of Hougoumont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince Blucher at Wavre through Ohain; and the Marshal had promised me that, in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps, as might be necessary.

The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the 3d corps,† which had been sent to observe Marshal Blucher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning, and at about 10 o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougoumont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from Gen. Byng's brigade of Guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lieut. Col. Macdonell, and afterwards of Col Home, and I am happy to add that it was maintained throughout the day with the utmost gallantry by those brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to take possession of it.

The attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry, occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one of these the enemy carried the farm house of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the German Legion, which occupied it, had expended all its ammunition; and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them.

The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with its cavalry, but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful; and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge, in one of which [Lord E Somerset's brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and 1st dragoon guards, highly distinguished themselves, as did that of Major Gen. Sir W. Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.

These attacks were repeated till about 7 in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre, near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and, having observed that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion, and that the march of Gen. Bulow's corps, by Frischermont, upon Planchenois and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect, as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blucher had joined in person with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands.

I continued the pursuit till long after dark, and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night. He has sent me word this morning that he had taken 60 pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial Guard, and several carriages, baggage, etc, belonging to Buonaparte, in Genappe.

I propose to move this morning upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations.

Your Lordship will observe that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages could not be gained, without great loss; and I am sorry to add that ours has been immense. In Lieut. Gen. Sir T. Picton His Majesty has sustained the loss of an officer who has frequently distinguished himself in his service; and he fell gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position was repulsed. The Earl of Uxbridge, after having successfully got through this arduous day, received a wound by almost the last shot fired, which will, I am afraid, deprive His Majesty for some time of his services.

H. R. H. the Prince of Orange distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct, till he received a wound from a musket ball through the shoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your Lordship that the army never, upon any occasion, conducted itself better. The division of Guards, under Lieut.-Gen. Cooke, who is severely wounded, Major Gen. Maitland, and Major Gen. Byng, set an example which was followed by all; and there is no officer nor description of troops that did not behave well.

I must, however, particularly mention, for His Royal Highness' approbation, Lieut. Gen. Sir H. Clinton, Major Gen. Adam, Lieut. Gen. C. Baron Alten (severely wounded), Major Gen. Sir C. Halkett (severely wounded), Col. Ompteda, Col. Mitchell (commanding a brigade of the 4th division), Major Gens. Sir J. Kempt and Sir D. Pack, Major Gen. Lambert, Major Gen. Lord E. Somerset, Major Gen. Sir W. Ponsonby, Major Gen. Sir C. Grant, and Major Gen. Sir H. Vivian, Major Gen. Sir O. Vandeleur, and Major Gen. Count Dornburg.

I am also particularly indebted to Gen. Lord Hill for his assistance and conduct upon this, as upon all former occasions.

The artillery and engineer departments were conducted much to my satisfaction by Col. Sir. D. Wood and Col. Smyth, and I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Adj. Gen., Major Gen. Barnes, who was wounded, and of the Q. M. G., Col. de Lancey, who was killed by a cannon shot in the middle of the action. This officer is a serious loss to His Majesty's service, and to me at this moment.

I was likewise much indebted to the assistance of Lieut. Col. Lord Fitz Roy Somerset,‡ who was severely wounded, and of the officers composing my personal staff, who have suffered severely in this action. Lieut. Col. the Hon. Sir Alex. Gordon, who has died of his wounds, was a most promising officer, and is a serious loss to His Majesty's service.

Gen. Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself to my satisfaction; as did Gen. Tripp, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry, and Gen. Vanhope, commanding a brigade of infantry in the service of the King of the Netherlands.

Gen. Pozzo di Borgo, Gen. Baron Vincent, Gen. Muffling, and Gen. Alava, were in the field during the action, and rendered me every assistance in their power. Baron Vincent is wounded, but I hope not severely; and Gen. Pozzo di Borgo received a contusion.

I should not do justice to my own feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance I received from them. The operation of Gen Bulow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one; and, even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

Since writing the above, I have received a report that Major Gen Sir W. Ponsonby is killed; and in announcing this intelligence to your Lordship, I have to add the expression of my grief for the fate of an officer who had already rendered very brilliant and important services, and was an ornament to his profession.

I send with this dispatch 3 eagles, taken by the troops in this action, which Major Percy will have the honor of laying at the feet of His Royal Highness. I beg leave to recommend him to your Lordship's protection. WELLINGTON.

*Capt. C. Wood, on piquet with Major the Hon. F. Howard's squadron of the 10th hussars, patroled at daybreak of the 17th along the road leading to Sombref. The enemy's vedettes fell back as the patrole advanced. Capt. Wood, having ascertained that the Prussian army had quitted the field of battle of the preceeding day, hastened to report the circumstances to the Duke of Wellington at Quatre Bras. On the road he met Lieut. Col. the Hon. Sir Alex. Gordon, with another half squadron of the 10th hussars, sent by his Grace to communicate to Marshal Blucher that the British army would proceed to cooperate, according to previous arrangements, with the Prussian army retiring upon Wavre.

†The 4th corps, and a considerable force of cavalry as well as the 3d corps, followed the Prussian army to Wavre.

‡Afterward Lord Raglan, who commanded the English in the Crimean war.

Warm weather often causes extreme tired feeling and debility, and in the weakened condition of the system, diseases arising from impure blood are liable to appear. To gain strength, to overcome diseases, and to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

IRELAND'S CENTRE.

Miss Banim, in Concluding Her Charming Series of Letters on Oliver Goldsmith, Describes the Spot.

It is Marked by an Obelisk, and From the Base Thereof Can be Seen a Superb Stretch of Country.

In 1172, Hugh de Lacy, who had come with Strongbow into Ireland, was granted the whole kingdom of Meath by Henry II., in return for a service of fifty knights, Murchard O'Melaghlin, King of Meath, being dispossessed. De Lacy parcelled out the kingdom between his chiefs, called de Lacy's barons. A little later the Dillons received a grant of Kilkenny West, then called Machaire Cuircne, the chieftainship of the O'Tolairgs or O'Tolars. The Dillons appeared to have been an old Irish clan returning as foreign conquerers.

"In Westmeath the following great families of English descent were located, together with those already enumerated. The Dillons, who, according to 'Lodge's Peerage,' by Archdall, were originally descended from a branch of the southern Hy Niells; their ancestor, a chieftain named Dillune or Delion, in the seventh century went to France, and being a famous warrior, became Duke of Aquitaine. One of his descendants came to Ireland with King John, and got large grants of lands in Westmeath and Anally; his descendants were lords of Drumrany, in the barony of Kilkenny West, and having founded many great families in Meath and Connaught, became Earls of Roscommon, Viscounts Dillon in Mayo, Barons of Clonbrock, and Barons of Kilkenny West; and several of them were counts and generals in the French and Austrian service." (Notes, Annals Four Masters.) In the Annals the

DILLONS OF KILKENNY WEST

are mentioned more than once: "1490, Edmond Dillon, Lord of Machaire Cuircne (Kilkenny West, in Westmeath), died." "1511—The Dillon, *i. e.*, James of Machaire Cuircne (Lord of Kilkenny West, in Westmeath), died."

Here, as in other parts of Ireland, most of the old Irish names still distinguish the localities, and would be most useful to anyone tracing out historical lore. A woman in Kilkenny West was telling of some occurrence which she said happened "beyond the Cluain Ceile"; this name greatly exercised our curiosity, but there was little use in trying to trace—at least hurriedly—the meaning in a neighborhood where so few of the people, I am sorry to say, speak Irish now. Cluain I knew to be a meadow, but for "Ceile" I could only conjecture, after some research, that the word Ceile perpetuates the name of a class of what I may call the tenant farmers of pagan and subsequently of early Christian times in Ireland. The laws relating to the tenure of land and to the tenant-right of these ceile are most remarkable and interesting.

I have now described all of this immediate neighborhood that is connected with Oliver Goldsmith's life, but as we are at Kilkenny West it would be a pity not to diverge one half mile back towards Athlone, in order to have the gratification of actually standing upon, laying one's hand upon, the very centre of Ireland. I never could quite care for the idea of setting off through cold and ice and miseries of every description in search of a north pole which is merely a figurative business—no pole at all there, let people hunt as they will. But here, in place of fields of snow and ice, we mount through

A WAVING MEADOW,

one sheet of pale violet bloom from the exquisite escabeus, which grows in such quantities that its color tints the entire field. This field slopes gently up to the top of a little hill, and here we have really our pole, the tall stone shaft which marks the very centre of our own beautiful little world, Ireland, and whence is a charming prospect on all sides; Auburn, its lake, Cannistown (probably Canice's town before now); Lanesborough, that pass of the Shannon so celebrated in the history of Athlone; Slieve Bawn, so fair and blue; and so on all around the horizon to Slieve Bloom and the fairy hill of Knockshegowna, away in Tipperary.

Stowing away a handful of flowery souvenirs, we mount our car and start for Goldsmith's last home in Ireland, Ballymahon—celebrated also as Mr. Mac's birthplace.

Oh, the pleasant, sunny country—the happy, smiling fields—the pretty cottages—the shady nooks and open lawns we passed in the few miles northward from Sweet Auburn; by the hamlet and school of Tang; by the hill of Rathmore, where a storm had laid low a gallows tree, of which the mower below the rath told us the ghastly story. It was, he says, in troubled days that a young man named P. G. Martin was convicted of being concerned in a raid for arms. On Aug. 15, 1814, Martin was hanged upon this tree, and his mother stood at the foot of the gallows tree to receive his body into her arms when it should be cut down. Her other son was a soldier in barracks in Longford; he was commanded to turn out as one of the guard at his brother's execution; he refused to obey the inhuman order, and was cruelly flogged for his disobedience.

Soon comes the River Inny, meandering between its sedgy banks, or sleeping under droopy trees, where it forms dark pools well known to the fish and the otters and the many waterfowls that frequent its shallows. Then we pass the townland of Sunfield (well named, too), tempting one to quit the high road and do as young Goldsmith did hundreds of times—follow the Inny by the fields all the way into Ballymahon, and so learn to know by heart those spots so familiar to the student of 1750

There is a pretty glimpse of the river just as the bridge is crossed and the town reached, but the really lovely walks are a little way beyond Ballymahon; walks visited by few strangers, yet very beautiful, and well repaying a week's stay in the little town—

A BRIGHT LITTLE MARKET TOWN,

whose one long, spacious street boasts many good shops, a hotel, a fine bank, and a very handsome Catholic church. It is not a very old looking town, yet there is something about it that enables one easily to go back a century. A house near the end of the town is pointed out as that in which Mrs. Goldsmith lived, where Oliver used to sit at the window of an evening and play the flute. We think of him going on an errand for his mother to that shop where tea and crockery and "all sorts" are sold, and humbly purchasing the daily store of trifles that so quickly mounted into a bill that looked very big in the poor widow's eyes:

Mrs. Goldsmith to Sarah Shore, Dr.:

	s.	p.
Brought forward	5	5
Jan 16		
Half an ounce of green tea	0	3½
A ¼ of a pound of lump sugar	0	3
A pound of Jamaica sugar	0	8
An ounce of green tea	0	7
Half a pound of rice	0	2
A ¼ of an ounce of green tea	0	2

—From Mr Shaw Mason's book, published 1818.

Then we try to picture where stood the house in which that club met of winter evenings, when Goldsmith and his companions sang songs, told stories, and played an occasional rubber of whist. Or we fancy him returning from Cork, dejected and forlorn, on his roadster "Fiddleback," and alighting at his poor mother's door to a sorry welcome.

Still better would we love to linger in the countryside that so often came back to the poet's faithful memory when writing his "Animated Nature," as when he speaks of the sedgy banks of the river:

"Those who have walked in an evening by the sedgy sides of unfrequented rivers, must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowls; the loud screams of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing and tremulous neighing of the jacksnipe. But of all these sounds there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. . . . I remember in the place where I was a boy, with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village." ("Animated Nature.")

I have spoken of the pretty villages which dot this part of Ireland, and which are all within walking distance of Ballymahon. One or two of these we will visit, because they were, doubtless, familiar haunts of the poet; but before leaving Ballymahon I will remark that it is a very ancient town, or rather, that from very remote times the place has always been the site of a town, and is supposed to have been named from Mahon, King of Thomond in 980 and to have been the scene of a great battle fought in that year, when such was the slaughter that the river Inny ran with blood, and from this circumstance the neighboring parish of Shreul—or "The Bloody Stream" derives its name—the Inny flowing through Shruel.

Pallas, where Goldsmith was born, is about three English miles east of Ballymahon, but there is now little or nothing of interest there; it is a much more delightful ramble to take the country road that, deviating a little from the highway, will lead to one of the model hamlets of the country, and then on to Ardagh where we will take a parting glimpse at Goldsmith in his simple boyhood's life in Ireland.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

A WESTERN SCENE.

A mountain side, all seamed and scarred and furrowed,
The turbid waters flow;
A miner's camp, a tunnel darkly burrowed,
The groves of pine below.

A motley group from many lands and places,
Of different faith and tongue,
And beardless lads with pale and haggard faces,
Forgetful they were young.

Through clouds of rose and jasper mists descending,
The low sun sought the west,
And notes of birds and whisp'ring breezes blending
Swept from the mountain's crest.

And one stood silent gazing at the glory
That filled the western skies,
Unmindful of the game and song and story,
With misty, tear-dimmed eyes.

And in an instant years and distance faded—
He was a lad once more,
Standing upon a hill by poplars shaded
Beside Lough Neagh's shore.

The pine-trees changed to tall and slender rowans,
The camp-fires were the lights
That blazed on Ulster hills above the gowans
Upon midsummer nights.

The red road changed into a pathway fragrant
Where milky hawthorn grew,
With the sweetbriar wandering fair and vagrant
Above where harebells blew.

He saw a churchyard where the sunbeams hovered,
Where drooping willows wept:
A grave with fair, white daisies gemmed and covered,
Where his young sister slept.

The rushes sang above the whitethorn hedges,
The circling swallows flew,
The plover cried amid the tweeds and sedges
By Portmore's waters blue.

Far in the distance the red sunlight faded—
Faded and flamed and died—
Above the canon's mouth by chaparral shaded
A night-bird loudly cried.

And with a start, a sigh half pain, half pleasure,
He woke him from his dream,
An Irish lad seeking a golden treasure
Beside a western stream.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

Handsome Presentation.

The members of Nativity Court, No. 11 C. O. F., at the meeting held July 7, presented to their Past Chief Ranger, Matthew Lamb, a beautiful badge of the order as a token of esteem for his past services to the Court. Recording Secretary Michael Ryan presented it on behalf of the Court to Mr. Lamb. Brother Lamb thanked the Court for the honor they had done him, and promised he would redouble his energy in behalf of the Court in the future, and that he was highly pleased with their token of respect.

FATEFUL STRIFE.

[*Western Watchman, Rev. D. S. Phelan, editor, July 11.*]

The telegraph brings us news of most unseemly strife among the clergy of Carlow over the election of a successor to O'Gorman Mahon. It seems there are a few priests in that diocese who openly favor Parnell. A Canon O'Neil got into a wordy war with his curate at the polls and the people taking sides the strife became general and many were wounded in the melee. This strife among the clergy of Ireland will eventually ruin the influence of the priests in that country, and render political amelioration impossible. We were prepared for this unpleasant news. We were informed from private sources that many priests of Ireland, especially in and around Dublin, were secretly plotting for the return of Parnell to power. It was further stated that in consequence the power of the priests was sadly on the wane all over the island. What is more natural? It is bad enough for priests to mingle in party politics, but it is infinitely to be deplored when the clergy indulge in partisan political strife before the eyes of the laity and take part in the fierce partisan feuds which political passion usually engenders.

A half century of such unseemly strife will be fatal to the people's faith in the most devout country in Christendom. It is the history of clerical decadence in France and Italy. In those two countries the church has always been a politician. Sometimes on one side, sometimes on another, she was always a partisan. All went well while the clergy were of one way of thinking. But division among the clerical politicians soon brought the very name of religion into contempt. The wars between the Guelphs and the Ghibbines in Italy and the wars between the Bourbons and everybody in France, did more to disrupt religion in those countries than any and all other causes combined. What is the spectacle today? A priest in Rome and in Paris has little less respect shown him than is paid to a street cleaner. It will be the same in Ireland before many more generations pass away.

We have always deprecated the meddling of the clergy in the elections of Ireland, but were ready to believe that it was for the time being an absolute necessity. The Irish people needed guidance and none could direct them better than the clergy. We had hoped that the day of the people's tutelage would soon pass that they might be allowed to manage their own political affairs. It seems impossible for the priests to let go their hold on political power. They are as active in elections today as they were ever in the past. It is not a very encouraging prospect. But this feud among the clergy themselves, this strife between bishop and bishop and diocese and diocese will effect in a very short time what all the power of England has failed to accomplish in 700 years. Ireland will never become Protestant; but she may become infidel.

Why cannot the priests of Ireland take a lesson from the conduct of the clergy in this country? Here we have influence; but we do not fritter it away by unseemly quarrels among ourselves. Here we have a dutiful people; but we do not tax their fidelity by tyrannical interference with their right of suffrage. Here we have enemies to our race and creed; but we never make war save when there is some important principle at stake. The result is all political parties are careful to avoid offending us. We get courteous treatment from Democrat and Republican alike. This is not the result of any concert of action on our part, but comes of that practical common sense for which all Americans, lay and clerical, are noted.

Perhaps we might add that priests in America have too much to do in their parishes to permit of their taking much part in politics. If the clergy of Ireland had a little more to do, if they had schools to build and support, if they had churches and religious organizations to look after, and no America to come to for funds, they would find their hands full and leave politics to those who have time to attend to them. God Save Ireland!

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

A Model Railway.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R. operates 7,000 miles of road, with termini in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

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GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories

CHAPTER III.—(Continued)

A MEETING OF "BRETHREN."

"You know, brethren," said McCann, "that three months ago exactly, when Bonaparte changed his mind and sailed for Egypt with the big army he intended for the invasion of England and Ireland, leaving our poor Leinster brethren to fight it out all by themselves with their brave pikes against the Saxon muskets and cannon, we had to give up all hope of help from France."

"One of the biggest mistakes ever Napoleon made," commented Major Bellew—an opinion afterwards echoed by the captive of St. Helena.

"Things looked black for us then, and blacker they grew till our brave friend Wolfe Tone—Heaven preserve him!—pegged at the French government so hard, explaining and persuading and entreating, and so on, that, two months ago, they agreed to dispatch an army to Ireland, and troops were marched to the seaports to be put on board ship. Our countryman, Gen. Jennings—or Kilmaine, as he calls himself from a barony in this county that belonged to his family in the old times—got together nine thousand men, intended as the main body. Gen. Hardi, with three thousand, was quartered at Brest, and Gen. Humbert, with about a thousand, at La Rochelle. There were, as you know, delays and delays."

"Curse it, yes! while the bloody Hessians and yeos were at their butchering work in Ireland," said Kerrigan bitterly.

"Couldn't be helped, Neal. The fact is, the flower of the army and navy of France are gone to Egypt, and her treasury and arsenals are nearly empty. Besides, there's any amount of confusion among the Paris Directory; aye, almost anarchy. What, then, could be done? However, something *has* been done at any rate. The advance guard of our friends is on sea."

"Heaven give them a favoring breeze!"

"Amen, Neal. Yes, only this month Humbert assembled the merchants and magistrates of La Rochelle, and made them advance him a sum of money and other necessaries. This was his only course, as he could get no good out of the Directory. In return for what he got he gave what they call 'assignats,' payable, thiggin thu, by the French government, and on the 6th of this month he set sail with his thousand men."

"Thousand devils!" exclaimed the major. "What infernal nonsense! He and his thousand men will be swallowed up at a mouthful by Cornwallis."

"Nabocklish, he'll find him a tough morsel. Come, none of your pessimism, Major. Remember that Hardi and Kilmaine are to follow.

"To find that their pioneer has been gobbled up!"

"Tut, man; you who have been through the smoke and flame of so many battles and sieges should take a braver view of it."

"Bravery has nought to say to it, you vagrant; 'tis calculation—foresight. But don't misunderstand me, Tony. May the main body be soon at his heels, I pray; but when Humbert lands I'm with him, heart and hand, no matter how small his force."

"And I," said Patrick Barrett who had been a most attentive listener.

"An' lave it there, both of ye," cried Kerrigan seizing the hands of the pledged insurgents; "heavens, but my eyes are dim for a sight of the tricolor."

"Keep them fixed on that bay, my boy, and they will soon be bright enough."

McCann pointed through the window to where that broad stretch of the Atlantic lay silently and solemnly under the stars, its sombre aspect, unbroken save where the surges were rolling against the sandbanks of Bartra.

All looked grave. Neal Kerrigan's eyes grew suddenly moist.

"You recollect the fine day last autumn, Tony," he said, "when poor Lord Edward, heaven rest him, and Mr. Samuel Neilson, and yourself and myself and a few more of the boys took soundin's out there?"

"Ay, I do," replied McCann with a sigh; "would that Lord Edward were keeping vigil with us tonight! Nay, he is doing so in sprit. That day's work did not go to loss, Neal; Humbert's sea captains will find those same soundings to their advantage when they cast anchor there tomorrow or next day."

"Be it not forgotten that our friend the Major presided at a meeting of the brethren held in your house, Kerrigan, on that memorable night," said O'Kearney, "and proved himself a most worthy counsellor and efficient ruler of debate. Next time we have him at the head of the council board there shall probably be a muster of French uniforms to enliven the proceedings and give them due military tone. *Salve*, potent generalissimo of the forces of the Irish Republic; and *salve*, Colonel Barrett, of the same."

The teacher's dignified banter produced a general laugh, when suddenly the door was thrown open and the landlord appeared. The genial features of Anthony Coolican wore a look of alarm. He beckoned hastily to McCann, who promptly followed him into the outer darkness of the lobby, uttering not a word.

The remaining conspirators eyed each other uneasily.

"Danger!" whispered Kerrigan, who grew a trifle pale. "Watched and surrounded, as I'm a sinner; and McCann has the papers on him!"

Another moment and a loud murmur of voices was heard in the shop below, there was a rush of heavy feet and a clattering of scabbards on the stairs, and a party of military burst into the room. At their head were two officers, one of middle age, the other of youthful appearance.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the latter, with strong English accent, "but which of you is Mr. McCann?"

"There is no such gentleman here," replied the Major."

"But he was here just now."

"It's a d—n lie," vociferated Kerrigan, which was the signal for two fencibles to seize and shake him violently.

"Served the insolent rascal right," commented the officer on this summary procedure. Then turning to Patrick he surveyed him superciliously from head to foot, and demanded:

"Where is your late companion?"

"Whom do you mean, sir?"

"You know well who he manes, Misther Barrett," said a chuckling, malignant voice, and Billy Moran, with the usual vicious grin on his countinance, stepped to the front. A livid weal, the mark of Barrett's cane, traversed his cheek.

"You know well who he manes—the man who rode down here with you tonight from Ballina."

"—— me—where is he?" repeated the officer."

"I know not," replied Barrett haughtily, but with a certain embarrassment of manner which caused his interlocutor, who scrutinized him keenly, to exclaim:

"I fear, sir, I must place you under arrest. Men, bring him along to the lock-up."

"But the senior officer, Capt. Kirkwood, interfered.

"Pardon me, Lieut Sills, but I think there is no necessity for such an extreme course. Mr. Barrett is the son of an esteemed friend of mine—indeed, our family physician—and as magistrate I can vouch for his excellence of character. He must have accompanied the suspicious party without any knowledge of his true character."

"Well, sergeant," he continued, turning to a soldier who salvted at the door, "have you completed the search of the house?"

"Searched it from garret to cellar, your worship, but couldn't find our man."

"The bird flown, eh? Good night, Mr. Barrett, and be careful as to your company in future. Good night, Major. Gentlemen, kindly excuse whatever unpleasantness has arisen from a call of duty. Lieutenant, the sooner we scour the town for this emissary the better."

The yeoman captain turned and left the room, and his party disconsolately clanked downstairs after him, the Leicestershire lieutenant looking rather nonplussed, and Billy Moran flashing a truculent look at Barrett.

Major Bellew laughed hugely at this discomfited exit.

"Catch McCann indeed—a will o' the wisp or a needle in a bundle of straw! Patrick, my boy, you and I must remain quietly and enjoy the hospitality of the 'Wolf dog' tonight, and await developments tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, Major," said Patrick, as they sat musing after O'Kearney and Kerrigan had departed for their homes, "Your humble servant shall possibly see the sunset for the last time. Well, I will witness that vesper spectacle with pleasure, provided the green flag flies over Killala."

"What the deuce do you mean, man!"

"A little affair of honor on the following morning. Six p.m., dewdrops on the mead, likewise two bellicose beings each intent on dosing the other with a leaden pill—you understand? Commonplace to be sure, but deucedly critical."

The Major uttered a low whistle, then looked pained.

"Confound it!—and you have overlooked *me*."

"You were not available just then"—a polite fiction—"and Capt. Goodwin kindly agreed to act for me."

"Bah! not fit to arrange a dog fight. Petticoat the cause?"

"Naturally. Yes; I am here. Thanks, my good girl."

Barrett eagerly seized a note, which was politely tendered by a servant maid, tore it open and read:

"Safe from the bloodhounds. Will wait to ascertain that the French have landed; then! to waken up Sligo, Roscommon, and Longford. M'CANN."

"Gallant fellow, may safety surround him!" commented the reader. "Now, Major, to bed, to dream of pikes and muskets, green flags and tricolors."

The writer of the note—who appears no more in our narrative—burst through the toils of his enemies, but was compelled to fly to the continent. An interesting fact in connection with Tony McCann (who was a native of Dundalk) may be mentioned ere we part company with him. At Hamburg, where he took refuge, he chanced to make the acquaintance of the poet, Thomas Campbell, who was so strongly impressed with his dejected appearance and story of vicissitude that he composed what has been called the finest Irish melody in the English language—"The Exile of Erin." Poet and patriot were both ardent young men of 22; a cordial bond of sympathy was formed between them, and the Scottish harp most feelingly interpreted the yearnings of the Irish exile:

Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavourneen! Erin go Bragh!

It may not deduct from the romantic origin of the poem to add that the subject of it softened the hardships of exile by marrying a substantial dame named Fugge, the widow of a Dutch burgomaster, and becoming a prosperous corn merchant and seed crusher in Altona.

CHAPTER IV.

APPEARANCE OF THE FRENCH.

"Beautiful indeed," quoth Major Bellew in the intervals of whiffing his pipe. "What a glowing blue the water makes under that cloudless sky! How tenderly purple those Donegal hills across the bay!"

"Yes, yes, to be sure," rather vaguely concurred the party addressed, who felt some remorse at his prolonged absence from home and from Maeve O'Donnell.

"And yonder range of sandbanks extends as serene and innocent looking as if no poor vessel ever laid her timbers there. Cruel old Bartra! For instance, there were the three stately warships of the unfortunate Armada—an episode, my dear boy, of nigh two hundred years ago. Those fatal sands are sown with the bones of hundreds of drowned and slaughtered Spaniards—Don Diego Enriquez and his gallant hidalgos and soldados—while 'tis said that by a little judicious digging there one might find a wealth of doubloons and pistoles whose mere glitter would throw in the shade all the buried treasure of Captain Kidd! Hang it, Barrett, you and I ought to go in for a little mining speculation in that quarter."

"Delusive dreams, major; joint capital not equal to the enterprise. 'Twould cost a deal to put Bartra through a sieve; and I daresay the wreckers of that time left behind them but little booty."

"As little as our Cossacks left in many a village on the Danube. Sensibly said, my boy. However, I but spoke in jest. *Helas!* there was a time when Matt Bellew could turn up more booty with his sword than could a thousand greedy treasure hunters with picks and mattocks; yet, poor devil! what has he for it now?"

The Major outspread his palms to express an aggravating stage of impecunia.

He and Patrick Barrett were sitting at a window of "the Wolf dog," overlooking the Bay of Killala. It was a beautiful harvest day. With the sunshine of full noonday glowing and glaring on the roof and wall, narrow street and straggling lane, the old town by the sea lay as in a tranquil siesta. The dark foliage of the gardens declining towards the water—beneath the eyes of our two spectators—was still and silent, unruffled by breeze from either land or sea. As motionless hung the white sail of a fishing boat at the quay. Over the deep hung a tremulous, uncertain, iridescent haze, suggestive of the mirror of the "fata morgana." The generally slumbrous condition of things was broken at intervals by the merry prattle of children at play on the rude terrace of the Steeple Hill, but rather increased than otherwise by the drowsy song of a fisherman's wife as she sat mending nets at the sun-illumined doorway of her humble home in the neighborhood of "the Wolf-dog." Her song was the local love ditty, celebrative of the fidelity of a certain fair one of Killala known as "the bishop's daughter," which has gently interested the muse of Thomas Davis, evoking the following adaptation:

Killala's halls are proud and fair;
Tyrawley's hills are cold and bare;
Yet, in the palace you were sad,
While here your heart is safe and glad.

No satin couch, no maiden train
Are here to soothe each passing pain;
Yet lay your hand my breast upon—
'Twill turn to down for you, sweet one!

Your father's halls are rich and fair
And plain the home you've come to share;
But happy love's a fairy king,
And sheds a grace on every thing.

But the Major, his vast stock of fighting memories revived, utterly ignored songstress, song, romantic sentiment, and all tranquilizing surroundings.

"What has he for it now?" he repeated, with a sweeping wave of his pipe, whose smoke melted away like that of the bygone battles and sieges in which its owner had taken part.

"What!" replied Barret; "why, at least the advantage of having seen life in its most stirring phases, of having laid up a sound store of practical military science, together with acquiring a fine physique, a sound constitution, a brave, stout heart ——"

"And a cracked skull," put in the jovial scion of the Bellews, significantly tapping the summit of his cranium.

"Put your hand here, my boy, you can feel the mark only too distinctly; and a rather peculiar brand of Mars it is. How did I get it? Simply enough. A token of remembrance conferred upon me by 'the malignant and turbaned Turk,' as Shakespeare says. Not content with the prospect of having one cleric in the family my father—a fine old Galway gentleman and near relative of Sir Patrick Bellew—determined he should have two, and, therefore, sent me out to Rome to study with my brother. But the uniform of the Pope's Guards took my fancy better than the surplice and soutane, and, as a matter of taste, I joined the Austrian service. I pretty soon reached the rank of lieutenant—for we Irish are prime favorites in the Imperial army—but the service not being brisk enough, I hoisted sails again and joined the Russians, who were at war with the Turks. I soon became major in a foot regiment, but shortly after that I got the devil of a rise altogether."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—blown up by a mine. It was at the siege of Ismail. The breach had been laid open and our fellows were dashing in beautifully with bayonets fixed and St. Andrew's Cross flying, when the ground beneath us heaved, and poof—up went a few score of gallant fellows shooting through the air, Mat Bellew conspicuous among the rest. By and by I was dug out of a heap debris, straightened out and brought to, and, when I was able to travel, the Muscovite doctors thought I had better go home and recruit a little. So here I am this fine day, taking *otium* in a back street of obscure little Killala, when, but for that accursed Osmanli firetrap, I should now be riding at the head of my regiment over the green plains of Wallachia, with the uniform and decorations of a colonel. Well, as our Turkish foes used to say, 'Kismet, kismet!'"

"Better luck next time. Your experience in the army of a third continental power—your forthcoming experience, Major—must bring you an even further advance in rank."

The Major bowed and smiled.

"Possibly, but I am prepared to serve my country in the humblest military capacity if necessary—ay, even to shoulder musket in the ranks. Come along then, Humbert, with your thousand gay *sans culottes*! *Tremble, tyrans! Ca ira!*"

As if in response to this semi-facetious invocation there was a rush of feet on the stairs, and Neal Kerrigan breathlessly entered, his face aglow and his voice vibrating with excitement.

"McCann is a prophet!" he exclaimed. "He timed them to the day—almost to the hour. Look there, for Heaven's sake, look there!"

He pointed towards Kilcummin Head, near which the gazers discerned the white sails of three large vessels.

"Are you sure it is they?" asked the Major, not without an expression of awe in his voice.

"As sure as we are here!" replied Neal in a vehement whisper; "although, for disguise I suppose, they show English colors."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh Bhaghuis Mhoir.

Oisin—A chléirigh chanas na sailm
Dar liom féin ní maith an chiall
Nach n-éisdinn tar mai beag ségil
Air an bh-Féinn nach bh-facais riamh.

Padraic—Dar mo chúbhais a dheigh-mheic Fhinn,
Ge binn leat trácht air an bh-Féinn,
Rith na sailm air feadh mo bhéil
Is é sin is ceol dam féin.

Oisin—Má taoir ag iomarbhaidh do shailm
Le Fiann Gaoidheal na n-arm nocht,
Ai a chléirigh, is iáu oic liom
Nár sgaras do cheann réd' chorp.

Padraic—Cumairc ort, a oglaoich mhóir,
Fuighle do bheoil is binn liom,
An tallann thoghas air Fhionn
Ro mhaith liom teacht air an bh-Féinn.

Oisin—Lá dhúinn ag fiadhach na learg
Nach d-tarla sealg air ár ngar,
Go bh-facamar mórán barc
Ag teacht 'san tráigh tar lear.

Tighmaoid anoir 's aniar,
Cruinnighid an Fhian as gach árd;
Seacht g-cath an torgoil go prab,
Tighmaoid fo mhac nighin Thaidhg.

As é an glór do chan rinn
Fionn Féinnidhe fiaitn an t-slóigh,
Cia do rachadh d'iarraidh ségil
Go bh-fuighe féin a bhiath 's a bhuaidh.

An sin do ráid Conán Maol
Mac Mórne fa clson gniomh,
"A shár-mheic Cumhail an g-cath,
Cia bhiadh ann acht fiaith no righ?"

A dubhairt Conán [illegible],
"A dheas[illegible] Fhinn cia rachadh anti
[illegible]ast Feárghus fíor-ghlic do mhac,
Ú 'sé chleacht do dhul 'sa g-ceann?

"Mallacht ort, a Chonáin Mhaoil,"
Do ráidh Fearghus fa caoimh eruth,
"Rachad-sa d'iarraidh an ségil,
Air ghrádh do'n Fhéinn 's ni dod' ghuth."

Gluaisios Fearghus armach óg
Anssa ród a g-cóir na bh-fear,
Is fiafraighios do ghuth mór,
"Cia na slóigh thainig tair lear?"

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Changes of Climate

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or of agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[New York Critic.]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[New York Nation, July 31.]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[Chicago Herald.]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "War-path and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[Bismarck Tribune.]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[New York Times.]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[New York Herald.]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[New York Independent.]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[The Home Magazine.]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[Scranton (Pa.) Truth.]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[Chicago Morning News.]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[Chicago Evening Journal.]

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

GOOD BYE TO ENGLAND.

The Emperor of Germany Departs for Norway.

HARD GUEST FOR VIC TO MANAGE.

The Queen's Sons Were Constantly Dancing Attendance Upon the Imperial German Visitor—He Would Not Follow the Programme Laid Out but Ran Things to Suit Himself—Other Foreign News Notes of Interest.

LONDON, July 14.—The provost and town council of Leith, together with the German consul, many distinguished persons and a large crowd of people were present at the station when the special train in which the kaiser traveled arrived at that city Tuesday morning. On alighting from his carriage the emperor shook hands with the entire party, and bowed his acknowledgments of the cheers of the people gathered about the station and the approaches thereto. After a few moments spent in conversation, the emperor was escorted to the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, which had preceded his majesty to Leith. Without any delay whatever the emperor and his attendants embarked, and the handsome vessel steamed out to permit the kaiser's enjoying a view of the great Forth bridge. Immediately on returning from his inspection of the Forth bridge, the kaiser gave the imperial command and the Hohenzollern proceeded on her voyage to Norway. The warships in the harbor of Leith fired a royal salute as the vessel passed out to sea.

A Troublesome Guest.

Emperor William proved himself the most troublesome state guest who ever visited the English court. The queen's sons have been rushing about in attendance on their imperious nephew like a troop of running footmen, and the emperor, instead of following the programme drawn up for him, and which he himself approved, made inconvenient alterations almost every day, and fulfilled engagements only when it pleased him to do so. The emperor wished to get out of the Albert hall performance and would very much have preferred a visit to the Lyceum.

The Triple Alliance.

The queen successfully impressed upon the emperor the imperative necessity of confining his speech at the Guild hall to platitudes and compliments, but this was not achieved without much discussion, for his majesty arrived at Windsor in a state of dangerous ecstasy on the subject of the triple alliance, and would have liked to explain his sentiments on this very delicate subject with his customary freedom, both at the state banquet in St. George's hall and in the city.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

To Build a Railway in China.

LONDON, July 14.—Herr Bradt of Cologne, one of the best known railway engineers and constructors in Germany, has been entrusted by the Chinese government with the work of building the first railway in China. The terms upon which Herr Bradt has undertaken the work are understood to be much more liberal than any of the concessions which the Chinese government has hitherto expressed willingness to grant, and includes the stipulation that only German labor and German material shall be employed.

The World's Fair.

LONDON, July 14.—The Standard says: The Chicago fair will be the biggest show on record. It must not be neglected either by British manufacturers or British artists. The Society of Arts has just claims to occupy the responsible position toward the fair which the government has just assigned it, in view of the fact that it was largely instrumental in bringing about the London exhibition.

Spurgeon's Condition Growing Worse.

LONDON, July 14.—The condition of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon is growing hourly worse. The Bishop of Ripon called Monday and made inquiries concerning him and Mr. Dwight L. Moody and Rev. Dr. Wayland cabled from Massachusetts their love, sympathy and prayers.

Went Over the Falls.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., July 14.—The body of a man about 50 years of age was seen to go over the falls on the American side. A thorough search was made for the body in the lower river shortly after it had been seen to go over the falls, but no trace of it could be found. Whether it was an accident or a deliberate case of suicide, is rather hard to determine as there is no one missing from here so far as can be learned.

That Horticultural Bureau.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The World's fair people are having a lot of trouble over the chief of the horticultural bureau. First Walter Maxwell was proposed, but a howl came up from California and he was shelved, then Gen. Chipman was selected, and that raised another howl. Later William Forsyth was chosen, but yesterday the national commission rejected him.

Will Be a Great Race.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Michael Dwyer has matched his great horse Longstreet against Ed Corrigan's Riley for $1,000 a side and a purse of $5,000 to be given by the Brighton Beach Racing association. The distance has not yet been definitely decided upon, but will be either 1¼ or 2 miles. The race will probably be run early next week.

Thirty-one Horses Cremated.

PHILADELPHIA, July 14.—The large brick livery stable belonging to Samuel Loughery, on Harvey street, Germantown, was burned Sunday. Thirty-one horses perished in the flames and other property was destroyed, making the loss amount to $24,000, one-third of which is covered by insurance.

Tragedy at Jersey City.

JERSEY CITY, July 14.—Policeman John D. Ryerson of the Seventh precinct became involved in a row with James Brennan. Lizzie Brennan, the latter's wife, interfered. Brennan was shot dead and his wife fatally wounded. The injured woman was taken to the hospital. Ryerson was arrested.

Bought by a Minneapolis Syndicate.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., July 14.—The transfer of the Pine Mountain Coal and Iron company, of Pineville, was made in that city Monday. The price paid is $1,300,000. The new owner is a Minneapolis syndicate.

THE SUB-TREASURY SCHEME.

Indications That the Farmers' Alliance Will Split on the Matter.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 14.—The indications are that the Alliance will split wide open on the sub-treasury scheme. The action of the Texas convention is a general topic of conversation here and the views of the Alliance leaders are as diverse as those of the members of different organizations. President McGrath of this state is lukewarm on the sub-treasury plan and in sympathy with the Missouri Alliance president, U. S. Hall, in his fight on Dr. McCune. Dr. McLallin, editor of The Alliance Advocate, declares that the Texas convention does not represent the Alliance in that state. The president has revoked the commissions of the lecturers who signed the call for the convention.

A Packed Convention.

"There would be just as much sense," said Dr. McLallin, "in holding the Kansas Alliance responsible for resolutions adopted by such Alliance men as Governor Humphrey and Senator Ingalls. The convention was unquestionably packed with Democratic heelers. Hall of Missouri is not an Alliance man, but a Democratic politician."

Dr. McLallin declares that the Kansas Alliance is practically a unit on the sub-treasury plan, while others of the Alliance leaders say that only one of the state lecturers, S. N. Scott of McPherson is making a fight for it.

Frightful Runaway Accident.

ST. PAUL, July 14.—A Pioneer Press special from Kilkenny says: A sad accident occurred a mile west of here. During a funeral procession a team drawing a wagon containg six persons ran away, smashing the wagon and throwing out the occupants. Daniel McCauley, aged 70 years, was injured internally and probably fatally. Mrs. Young Daly, aged 66 years, had an arm and several ribs broken and has not recovered consciousness. The physicians think she will die. Miss Mary Ann Daly and Mrs. Joseph Ash were badly but not seriously injured, and the other occupants of the wagon were badly bruised.

Church War at Wilkesbarre.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 14.—The Polish Catholic church war in Plymouth has broken out once more. Father Smynoski was notified several weeks ago to leave the church and town. He refused to pay any attention to it. Monday morning before the priest was out of bed a committee from the faction opposed to him called at the house for the purpose of ejecting him. One of the servants gave the alarm and the house was quickly barricaded and the invading Polanders driven away. They were afterward arrested.

Made Kindling Wood of His House.

PORTSMOUTH, N. Y., July 14.—Saturday night at Eliotneck, about three miles from this city, a number of masked men surrounded the house of Henry Marsh Fetherly, a man who had been many times before the police court charged with petty thefts, and putting fourteen axes to work, chopped and pulled the structure down and smashed it to kindling wood. The crowd then quickly dispersed.

Found Dead in Bed.

DALLAS, July 14.—Saturday night George H. Thompson, of Louisville, Ky., registered at Randall's cafe and was assigned to a room. Monday he was found dead in bed. From cards found on his person it is believed he is an insurance agent connected with a company located at 25 and 26 Kenyon building, Louisville. Cause of death probably heart disease.

An Editor Charged with Libel.

SCRANTON, Pa., July 14.—Editor Tallie Morgan, of The People, the state Prohibitionists' organ, was arrested yesterday charged with libelling Charles E. Steel, of Minersville, the state secretary of the Good Templars. Morgan had published a statement to the effect that Steel, upon his recent return from Scotland, had been banquetted by saloonkeepers.

Started a New Industry.

NAZARETH, Pa., July 14.—The new mill erected here by S. Freidberger, of Philadelphia, for the manufacture of laces and braids, was put in operation Monday. Twelve looms, capable of producing 84,000 yards per day, were started, which number will be increased as occasion arises. The new industry gives employment to a large number of hands.

Concluded to Hire a Hall.

BOSTON, July 14.—The Socialistic Labor tarty and Single Tax league have this year been refused permission to hold meetings on Boston common by the city government. Sunday the party hired a hall at which the action of the government was denounced and a petition drawn up demanding the right to hold open air meetings.

Should be Treated Likewise.

LIMA, O., July 12.—Mrs. Mattie Duebler was killed by her husband Saturday night while he was drunk. He returned home crazed, and, dragging her from her bed, gave her a terrible beating and kicked her in the stomach until she bled internally. He wound up by hitting her on the head with a big glass lamp and throwing her out of the room.

Refused to Sign the Amalgamated Scale.

LEBANON, Pa., July 14.—All members of the Amalgamated association, several hundred in number, employed in the nut and bolt works were called out Monday on account of the company refusing to sign the scale of prices of the association. The sixteen-inch rolling mill was started yesterday morning with a number of non-union men.

An Edict of Starvation.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 14.—Advices from St. George bay state that Admiral Walker's proclamation closing sixty British lobster factories along the coast is practically an edict of starvation to hundreds of people, and unless the people of Canada organize a relief fund great destitution, if not actual starvation, must ensue.

Dragged by a Runaway.

MYSTIC, Ia., July 14.—While J. N. Huston, a merchant of Keokuk, Ia., was driving through the streets here his horse ran away and threw him out. His foot caught in the vehicle, and he was dragged for several hundred yards and fearfully injured. He is not expected to live.

A Challenge for Jack McAuliffe.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Austin Gibbons, of Paterson, N. J., who so easily defeated Jim Verrall, the English lightweight champion recently, has issued a challenge to fight Jack McAuliffe for the lightweight championship of America, $2,000 a side and a purse.

DISASTER AND DEATH.

Frightful Wreck on the Colorado Midland Road.

SEVEN KILLED AND MANY INJURED.

An Excursion Train Run into by a Locomotive—The Accident the Result of a Misunderstanding of Signals—A Number of People Drowned at Chicago—Two Men Killed While Stealing a Ride on the Northern Pacific Road.

ASPEN, Colo., July 13.—By a wreck on the Colorado Midland near here Saturday night at 11 o'clock seven lives have been lost and many people seriously injured. Aspen Junction was the scene of the disaster. A collision occurred between a Midland locomotive and the coaches of the Saturday "Laundry" or excursion train running between Aspen and Glenwood Springs. The coach load of people returning in happy spirits from the springs, where a few pleasant hours had been spent in the swimming pool, were suddenly plunged in the horrors of a frightful railroad accident which resulted in the killing of two people outright, inflicting fatal injuries upon five more, and severely scalding and burning six others.

Roasted by the Steam.

The crush between the coach and the engine came without the slightest warning to the occupants of the coach, who were all in a happy and joyous frame of mind. A portion of the side of the coach was crushed in and before the passengers had the least opportunity to extricate themselves the hot, scalding steam was pouring into the car, blinding every one in the coach. Frank Leach, who was terribly burned, attempted to save Mrs. Leonard, who was near him, by throwing his coat over her head. Despite his efforts she was terribly scalded and has since died. All did heroic work in rescuing the ill-fated passengers from their great peril, and the efforts thus put forth undoubtedly saved the lives of several. When all the injured and dying had been removed from the wrecked coach they were given every care and attention. The cries and moaning of the poor scalded victims filled the air until the hearts of the watchers ached and their eyes filled with tears.

Cause of the Accident.

Conductor Miller had received his orders to pull out for Aspen, and stepped on the coach to give the engineer his orders. At about the same time Engineer Shepherd had received orders to take his engine and pull west with a freight train standing in the yard and had gone to the round-house. The switchmen noticed both engine and passenger train backing down and signaled to stop. Shepherd stopped his engine and Brakeman Ryan, who was on the rear of the passenger train, turned on the hot air, and stopped the train. The switchman then signaled to Shepherd to back down, with which he at once complied. The engineer of the passenger understood the signal to be for him and accordingly began backing down, Brakeman Ryan having released the air because he also understood the signal to be for his train. Both the freight engine and the passenger engine must have started rather vigorously, as the crash came before the frantic signals of the switchman to stop could be seen and understood.

Conductor Miller Heartbroken.

The passenger engineer says he could not see the freight engine backing out of the roundhouse, as the coalchute and other buildings oostructed his view. The engineer on the freight engine was likewise, he claims, in ignorance of the fact that the passenger was backing down. Conductor Miller of the excursion train is heartbroken over the terrible calamity, and can not talk of it without his eyes filling with tears. When the crash came he rushed back to the coach and opened the door after a strong effort. All the doors and windows were closed on account of the cool night, leaving no opening but that made by the crash, and the steam rushed out upon him with such force and volume as to knock him down. Both he and Brakeman Ryan rushed manfully to save the passengers, the latter receiving some severe cuts on his arms from breaking the windows to allow the passengers to escape. Engineer Sheperd is still in Aspen Junction and denies all blame. The trainmen unite in saying that the accident was the result of a misunderstanding of the signals given by the switchmen.

List of Victims.

The list of the dead and injured is as follows: The dead—Child of Frank Ellis, Annie Phelan, Mrs. Frank Ellis, Mrs. J. C. G. Baldwin, Mrs. W. L. Willoughby, Mrs. A. B. Rogers, A. B. Roger. The injured—Joseph Leonard, Mrs. Joseph Leonard, Frank Ellis, Thomas O'Donnell, Miss Mary O'Donnell, James Leach.

DROWNINGS AT CHICAGO.

Several Persons Meet Death While in Search of Pleasure.

CHICAGO, July 13.—The lake at Columbia park picnic grounds was the scene Sunday afternoon of an accident by which two young people lost their lives within sight of thousands and almost within reach of hundreds. John McNeff, a married man, 25 years old, and Lucy Kaiser, still in the bloom of maidenhood, were drowned. Hundreds of hands were outstretched to aid them, but the efforts were fruitless. Two young boys, Henry Campbell and Leslie Young, who lived with their parents at One Hundred and Second street and Jefferson avenue, were drowned in Calumet lake at Pullman Sunday afternoon.

Two More Cases.

John Swanson, a teamster for Gus Maimquist, a coal dealer at 849 Sheffield avenue, was drowned Sunday morning while trying to water his team in the lake at the foot of Barry avenue. Swanson came from Sweden only a short time ago and has no friends in the city. His body was taken to Nash's undertaking establishment at 398 Lincoln avenue. August Marayata, a Swede 17 years old and living with his parents at 670 North Ashland avenue, was drowned Sunday afternoon while swimming in a clay hole at Clybourn and Diversey avenues.

Ran into a Landside.

MISSOULA, Mont., July 13.—Shortly before midnight Saturday night westbound passenger train No. 1 on the Northern Pacific road, ran into a landslide at Marshall Grade, four miles east of here, and was wrecked. Two men who were stealing a ride on the trucks were killed. Engineer Draper was scalded and slightly cut on the head, but no others were injured.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION

Thousands of Delegates Flocking to Minneapolis to Participate.

MINNEAPOLIS, July 9.—Wednesday night's trains as well, as those Thursday morning, brought thousands of delegates to this city for the International Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor convention which met in the auditorium of the exposition building. The committee of arrangements had planned for an attendance of 15,000, but nearly every delegation thus far arriving is larger than anticipated, and all are not yet here. The New England delegation, with 1,300 members, arrived on two trains and thus far holds the banner for size. The delegations from Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa are very large, and great space has been reserved for them in the big hall.

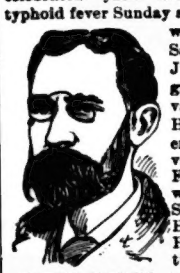
Welcome Addresses.

The motto "For Christ and the Church" stands out boldly above the speaker's stand, well representing the bold stand of the society for its Master and its earthly abiding place. In front of the speaker's desk and lower down are the press tables, slightly raised from the floor of the house. Around and in front and above stretch out the thousands of seats. Illinois is given the front central seats; Ohio is to the right, Wisconsin to the left, Iowa back of Illinois and Ohio, St. Paul and Minneapolis occupy the rear seats on the first floor, and other states are assigned to the gallery. The afternoon programme consisted of welcome addresses by St. Paul and Minneapolis pastors and citizens and responses thereto. President Clark's annual address was delivered at the evening meeting.

EDWARD BURGESS DEAD.

He Was a Harvard Professor and a Yacht Designer.

BOSTON, July 13.—Edward Burgess, the celebrated yacht designer, died from typhoid fever Sunday afternoon here. He was born at West Sandwich, Mass., June 30, 1848. He graduated from Harvard college in 1871. He was instructor in entomology at Harvard for some years. For fifteen years he was secretary of the Society of Natural History of Boston. He leaves a wife and two sons. Mr. Burgess has been ill since May, but his death was unexpected.



EDWARD BURGESS.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

He Visits Lord Salisbury at Hatfield House—Given Carte Blanc.

LONDON, July 13.—The kaiser Monday morning went out unattended by any one save a guide for a horseback ride through the most interesting parts of the beautiful Hatfield park. His host, Lord Salisbury, directed that every part of the park should be thrown open for the inspection of his imperial guest. On the emperor's return to Hatfield house an elegant farewell luncheon was served. The company which enjoyed it was a distinguished one, comprising the cabinet ministers, ambassadors of foreign nations, the gentlemen of the imperial suite and Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and his wife. The kaiser has presented a splendid Dresden clock to Lord Salisbury as a mark of his appreciation of the premier's hospitality at Hatfield house.

July Cotton Report.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—The following is the July cotton crop report: The general average for the whole breadth has advanced 3 points, standing at 88.6. This is 3 points below the July return of last year, and 1 above that of 1889. In but four seasons since 1874 have the July returns been so low. The returns of condition by states are as follows: Virginia 82, North Carolina 77, South Carolina 80, Georgia 95, Florida 84, Alabama 87, Mississippi 91, Louisiana 96, Texas 95, Arkansas 93, Tennessee 82.

Douglass Will Not Return to Hayti.

WASHINGTON, July 13.—It is said to be definitely settled now that Minister Douglass will not return to Hayti. Having brought back with him a reciprocity treaty with Hayti, he is said to be satisfied with his mission and ready to resign. It will probably be a long while after he retires before another minister willbe appointed.

Caught on a Railway Bridge.

LOUISVILLE, July 13.—Near Somerset, while Larkin Jones and his wife were walking across a railway bridge a passenger train came upon them from a deep cut in the road. Jones jumped 150 feet down into the creek and received injuries from which he died Saturday. His wife was struck by the train and instantly killed.

Killed His Own Brother.

BUTLER, Pa., July 13.—Adam Mininger fired five bullets into the body of his brother, John Mininger, in Jefferson township, Saturday night, fatally wounding him. Four of the shots took effect in his head and the other entered his breast above the heart. Bad blood had existed between the two brothers for some time.

In Financial Straits.

ROME, N. Y., July 13.—R. M. Bingham, manufacturer of carriages, sleighs, harness, etc., are financially emparrassed. Their factories were closed Monday morning. Mortgages aggregating $150,000 were filed. The concern hopes to resume business soon.

It is claimed that a 4-year-old boy in Forsyth county, Ga., can read any piece of music at sight.

There are now four female physicians resident in New York state hospitals for the insane.

Miss Ritta Warner, the Keosauqua, Ia., girl who was assaulted by Albert Parnitzka and whose brother was murdered while defending her, is insane over her brother's death. The father and wife of the murdered man are also said to be in a critical condition.

Mollie Brooks and Katie Higgins were drowned at Cedarvale, Kan. Wilson Brooks who was driving them across a stream was rescued.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor is one of the finest mandolin players in New York's 400.

Robert Ellis, colored, 16 years of age, was shot and killed at Topeka, Kan., by Walter Scott, another colored boy, while leaving a church where he attended a social.

The creditors of the Worcester, Mass., steel works have consented to accept a compromise, and the works will soon be running again. The indebtedness is about $1,300,000.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Hay is reported as likely to be a fairly good crop in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Minnesota. A big crop is anticipated in Iowa and the Dakotas. In Michigan, Missouri and Kentucky the prospects are below the average. The yield of grain in the northwest promises to be without a precedent.

There was a riotous strike among the reapers in the Volletri district in Italy. The troops who were sent to the spot shot two of the rioters and wounded a number of others in quelling the disturbance.

The Atchison, Kan., Patriot (Democratic) will be sold at public sale July 17 under a chattel mortgage held by R. B. Drury. The paper has been in existence for twenty-five years.

The noted trotter, Abe Downing, with a record of 2m. 20¾s., died Tuesday at Waverly, Ia. The animal was valued at $10,000.

The Fourth of July committee at Burlington, Ia., refuses to pay for the fireworks ordered from an eastern firm, alleging that they were worthless.

The National Editorial association will meet July 14 in St. Paul. Every state and territory will be represented and the convention promises to be the largest assemblage of newspaper men ever held in America.

The explosion of a dynamite cartridge to blow up an old ship near Mobile sent to the surface a fish that weighed more than two hundred pounds.

The Church of England is turning out curates three times as fast as it is forming new cures, and there has been a society formed to promote the use of additional curates.

There is a boy in Centreville, Ia., whose hair always curls a day or two before the arrival of a storm. When his barometric locks begin to kink the people in his neighborhood prepare for rain.

It has been decided to hold the Itata on three charges, viz: Violating neutrality laws, contempt in leaving while under arrest, and violation of navigation laws.

LaCrosse, Wis., police have in custody a 12-year-old boy who has confessed that he wrecked a train near Lansing, Ia., last week, when Engineer Ladd lost his life.

Ex-Secretary Boutwell and wife celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding on July 8 at Groton, Mass.

Italy will return to her medæval practice in the launching of a ship. Hereafter when her new ironclads wed the sea not champagne will be used at the ceremonial but a gold ring hanging from the vessel's bow will be dropped into the sea.

The survivors of the twenty-fifth New York cavalry will hold their first reunion in Washington July 11, the twenty-seventh anniversary of the day on which they saved Washington from Early's raiders.

American missionaries are alleged to have been driven from Ponope, on the Caroline islands, by Spanish forces.

A sensation has been caused at Cologne by the discovery of a number of child murders at a baby farm kept by a widow named Schoto. The death of six babies has been traced to inanition. The investigation is not yet finished.

It is announced that the third international peace congress will be held in Rome in November next.

The floods caused by the rising of the river Aar have inundated the Aarziehle quarter of Berlin and have done much damage to property.

Ore shipments from Ashland, Wis., for the week ending Wednesday were 63,000 tons and for the season 327,000 tons.

High water has carried away a part of the pontoon bridge at Leavenworth, Kan., and at Atchison a section of the government dyke was washed out.

The Russian government has ordered a great reduction to be made in the freight charges on grain being shipped to the provinces where famine is threatened.

Charles Gray, living near Milford, Ia., was accidentally killed by his brother. The latter threw a stick of wood at an unruly horse and the stick glanced off the horse and struck the boy over the heart.

George McFarlane, half owner of the Waikapee plantation, has brought suit against the Hawaiian Commercial company, of which Claus Spreckles is president, for $1,000,000 damages for taking forcible and illegal possession of the plantation.

Osnus Lee, colored, ran amuck in Savannah, and after wounding half a dozen people was killed by a policeman.

James Fennell was killed near Wichita, Kan., by a horse suffering from hydrophobia. The animal seized him with its teeth, shook him and trampled him to death.

F. Wesp, a farmer living near New Hampton, Ia., was fatally gored by a bull.

A man named Purcell was struck by a locomotive on the Pennsylvania railroad near New Brunswick, N. J., and his body thrown on the telegraph wires, where it remained until taken down by a lineman.

Slight frosts were reported in central Illinois and eastern Iowa Wednesday night.

An unknown man threw himself in front of a Burlington freight train near Fairfield, Ia., and was instantly killed.

Barnard Lucas, a Denver newspaper reporter, has left for London, England, to take possession of an estate valued at $50,000 that fell to him by the death of a relative.

In the free-for-all pace at Lima, O., Thursday, six heats were required to determine the winner, although there were only three horses in the race.

Special United States Bailiff W. M. Cutliff was shot from ambush and seriously wounded at Edmonton, Ky., by moonshiners.

The Pennsylvania Democratic state convention will be held in Harrisburg, Thursday, Sept. 3.

A Birmingham Ala., coal and iron company has contracted for the sale of 40,000 tons of iron at an average price of $10 per ton.

Every influence that France can command has been brought to bear on the Emperor of Russia to induce him to honor Paris with an imperial visit in the autumn.

The Iowa soldiers' monument commission has decided to erect a monument to the dead soldiers rather than a memorial hall, as was first proposed.

The Western Plaster works, at Alabaster, Mich., were burned. Loss, $30,000.

City Marshal West, of Texarkana, Ark., was shot and killed by J. D. Gaines. West was the aggressor and opened fire first.

The creditors of the S. A. Kean bank of Chicago have agreed to accept 35 cents on the dollar for their claims. The proposition has been accepted and a settlement on that basis will be effected in a few days.

An effort is being made in Washington to reverse a decision made by the territorial supreme court three years ago adverse to woman suffrage.

Charles S. Frost, an architect, of Chicago, was granted the contract for the construction of the new law school building at the university of Wisconsin.

Directors of the Lake Erie and Western railroad declared the regular quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. on preferred stock, payable Aug. 15.

The explosion of a torpedo caused a fire which destroyed the stock and machinery of the Peoria, Ills., Knitting company, causing a loss of $20,000, on which there was an insurance of $9,000.

Frank P. Slavin cabled from Europe that he would not accept the offer of the California Athletic club to meet Peter Jackson in a glove contest for $10,000. Slavin says he will fight Sullivan for $20,000.

The Fall City bank, of Louisville, Ky., has failed.

The St. Paul police have recovered the $4,000 in money, diamonds, and watches stolen from Pugilist Fitzsimmons' training cottage at White Bear lake. The thieves became frightened and gave up their plunder by leaving it in a saloon and notifying the police.

Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro has accepted the offer of an American magazine for an article, which she will prepare immediately, it is stated, and she is also writing a book on her stage experiences.

At Paducah, Ky., Friday, Ed Gard, a noted crook, pleaded guilty to robbing Joseph L. Friedman of $2,500 worth of jewelry and diamonds, and was sent to the penitentiary for two years and a half.

According to a census bulletin the total population of Wisconsin is 1,686,880, an increase of 371,383 over the population in 1880.

Conductor John H. Waldrop was killed and Flagman White was injured in a wreck on the Mississippi Valley railway near Hamburg, Ky.

Tom Roche, a wealthy railroad contractor, committed suicide at Fort Worth, Tex., by shooting himself in the mouth. He leaves a $500,000 estate.

William Dill, of Floraville, Ill., accidentally shot himself in the head with a target gun some weeks ago. Friday he suddenly became violently insane, his brain evidently being affected by the wound.

Farmers report that chinch bugs are doing great damage to the corn near Hillsboro, Ill. The bugs are leaving the wheat and oats.

Investigation has resulted in the discovery that the state of North Carolina is entitled $26,218 more than was originally allowed it on account of the direct tax act. The mistake was the result of an error made nearly twenty years ago.

Twenty five horses were burned up in the barn of Fleming & Green at Emporia, Kan.

Eighty-five million feet of lumber are lying in the Little Falls dam near Eau Claire, Wis., ready to be flooded out as soon as the water accumulates.

The action of the federal authorities in shutting down the dams at Leech Lake and Winnebegoshish, Wis., will prevent the getting out of 15,000,000 feet of logs.

The small steamer Ira Chaffee, while lying at Spry's lumber dock at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., caught fire aft of the boiler-room and was destroyed. Loss, $20,000.

The most extraordinary feak of extravagance is an Eiffel tower in diamonds, one meter high, recently sold in Paris for $44,000.

Twelve oranges, which grew on a twig six inches long in George Stone's grove, near Do Land, Fla., completely filled a peck measure and weighed thirty-five pounds.

George and Michael Vernoskis, brothers, were fatally crushed by the fall of coal in Ellantown colliery at Shenandoah, Pa.

A California man is already taking steps to erect a hotel on the shore of the new lake which has appeared in southern California.

The miners at Carbonado and Beacon, Ia., voted to declare the strike off and go to work.

At Springfield, Mo., Oran Wilkerson, of the sheriff's road gang, made a break for liberty. The guards fired on him, inflicting several wounds with small shot, but the prisoner escaped.

Judge William Toman, long identified with Iowa newspapers, has sold the Independence Bulletin-Journal to Farwell & Chandler, and will retire from the field.

Four houses were struck by lightning in an electrical storm at Emporia, Kan.

At a colored dance at Cahokia, Ills., Catherine Brooks threw herself on the breast of a man at whom a revolver was aimed by another man who was quarreling with him and was mortally wounded by the bullet.

A Texas cattleman says the outlook at present is that the supply of cattle from that state will fall short 1,000,000 head as compared with the number last year.

A Michigan grocer has a mouse that catches flies. He keeps it in his show window, where it does better work than a square yard of ordinary fly paper.

At Taos, Mo., Joseph Frank shot and killed a teacher in a Catholic school named Frank Bacleman and then killed himself to prevent being mobbed.

Senator Peffer of Kansas will speak at the county fair at Rockford, Ills., Sept. 4.

Minister Fred Douglass has a handsome home in Anacostia, a pretty suburb of Washington and he says he would much rather live there than in Hayti.

Peculiar

To itself in many important particulars. Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses the full curative value of the best known remedies of the vegetable kingdom.

Peculiar in its medicinal merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

Peculiar in strength and economy—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 doses one dollar." Medicines in larger and smaller bottles require larger doses, and do not produce as good results as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

Peculiar in its phenomenal record of sales abroad, no other preparation has ever attained such popularity in so short a time. Do not be induced to take any other preparation. Be sure to get

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 18, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"The Soudan."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Comedians.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Paulton Opera Co. in "The Sheik."

AMPHITHEATRE.

Cottage Grove avenue and Sixty-first street.—Pain's great spectacle, "A Night in Pekin"; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

NOW, PELT ENGLAND WITH STONES.

THE CITIZEN prints, in another column, a very significant article from the Rev. Father Paelan's *Western Watchman*, published in St. Louis. The *Watchman* is not friendly to Mr. Parnell, and this fact renders its editorial on the attitude of the Irish bishops and priests in politics all the more significant. A layman could not write and publish so frank a criticism without danger of misconstruction.

The defeat of Mr. Parnell in Carlow was more than the defeat of an individual. It was the temporary overthrow of a principle. It, for the time being, transferred the nomination of the Irish leadership to the coterie of English Whigs and their Irish sycophants who surround Mr. Gladstone, and for this result it is undeniable that a majority of the bishops and priests of Ireland are to blame. Had they kept their hands off, Parnell would have been victorious. That they had, or have, the power to defeat him, or any other leader who may displease them, is not a matter of congratulation for either creed or country. It is an ominous circumstance, and makes the shadow of Catholic ascendency—quite as odious to the national Irishman as Protestant ascendency—stand out in black relief against the lurid horizon of Irish politics. What Irish patriots want is perfect religious liberty and equality, and not the ascendency, which must, per force, be political in its effect, of one creed over the other. It was Protestant ascendancy that made Orangeism both odious and dangerous during a hundred years. After the Union, the Orange party, acting in the name of the Protestant religion, ran things to suit itself in Ireland. Let us hope that no Catholic Orange party may now arise on the ruins of Ireland's political fortunes. That Americans are watching the issue in Ireland with vigilant eyes may be judged by the following excerpt from an editorial which appeared in the Nashville, Tenn., *American*, always a consistent friend of the Irish cause, on the 11th inst:

It appears to be settled almost beyond a doubt that Mr. Parnell's career as an Irish leader is ended. He is the discrowned king of Ireland. He has learned that there was a power behind the throne which proved greater than the throne, and no man in Ireland will ever again defy the political power of the Irish priesthood. The Irish people have not lost their faith in their old leader. A thousand Gladstones might have come against him and he could have met them single-handed and vanquished them all. But the priest in Ireland is supreme in all things. Mr. Parnell has found it so and he may as well give up the fight and retire to private life. The lesson of his overthrow is a deeper one than appears upon the surface. Many will hail it as a rebuke to Mr. Parnell's immorality and an evidence of the deep detestation of his grave sin. It is not so. Up to the time of Mr. Gladstone's demand for the retirement of Parnell there was no demonstration whatever of that abhorrence of the immoral life he had led which was afterward manifested. * * * The priesthood sided with the McCarthyites after the factional war began, and the doom of Parnell was sealed. He can never, if all indications are not deceptive, again have more than a small and dwindling support. That his defeat will deprive the Irish of one of their coolest, most sagacious and most far-seeing leaders is not questioned, but the effect will go deeper and farther than that. Already the cry has been raised that the Irish are a priest-ruled people and that Home Rule means Rome Rule. The priests who stood at the polling booths in Ireland and struck down Parnell will be at every polling place in the United Kingdom when the members of the next parliament are elected and their influence may tell in another direction. Upon every stump the scenes and incidents of the Irish elections will be dilated upon, exaggerated and intensified. The defeat of Mr. Parnell is in itself a matter of no vital consequence to the Irish people, but the manner in which it was accomplished may make it the defeat of all the aspirations of the Irish race, and with the failure of parliamentary agitation and constitutional means revive the desperate but fitful and futile methods of physical force.

THE CITIZEN, while it has great respect for the opinion of the *American*, thinks that worse things might happen in Irish politics than a new appeal to what it terms "the desperate but fitful and futile methods of physical force." If the English were honest in their alleged desire to give Home Rule to Ireland, the misfortunes of Parnell, or the political extravagance of the Irish clergy, would not keep them from performing a simple act of justice. But they are not in earnest, and never have been, except when in a state of panic. All this present Irish trouble may be, after all, a blessing in disguise. If Parnell should be set aside, even temporarily, no sensible Irishman can believe that any other parliamentary leader could succeed where he failed. No—no. Nothing will remain for Irishmen at home and abroad but the "desperate and fitful" policy of physical force. It is the fable of the old man who pelted the bad boys in his apple trees with grass practically illustrated. The use of grass brought him only ridicule. When he tried stones, the bad boys jumped to the ground and took to their heels. The truth is, we have been pelting grass at England long enough. It is about time to put her on a stone diet once more. Parnell was a stone, covered up in grass, and hurt John Bull somewhat; but when the stone is taken out, the grass will be harmless. In the defeat of Parnell, the parliamentary party has virtually abdicated, and the time is ripe for the revolutionary element of the Irish people to take hold of the cause and begin pelting England with stones in good earnest. By hook or by crook, she must get out of the Irish orchard.

THE OGDEN GROVE DEMONSTRATION

It is expected that the Irish National Demonstration, to be held at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15, will in everyway equal, if not surpass, any previous gathering at that historic place. The executive committee has left nothing undone to promote the success of the movement, and as it is composed of leading and active Irish Nationalists of this city, the public have full confidence that there will be a time of great enjoyment. Distinguished speakers from abroad have consented to address the afternoon and evening gatherings, and other attractions will be a full list of games, a magnificent display of fireworks, military music, dancing, and in fact, every thing that can contribute to the pleasure of those who may attend the gathering. The executive committee meets every Saturday evening at McCoy's Hotel for the transaction of business. The permanent chairman, who acts under the auspices of the United Irish Societies, of which Mr. W. H. Joyce is president, is Mr. James C. Strain; the secretaries are Messrs. John Dowling and A. G. Duggan, and the treasurer is Mr. William Gavan.

WHITE VERSUS BLACK.

The Chicago *Tribune* is taking a very practical view of the smoldering race war between white and black people in the South, and, although Republican in principle, advises the negroes to act like their white neighbors and divide according to their personal convictions on questions of politics. The *Tribune* argues that most of the hostility to the negro in the South springs from the fact that he generally votes for one party, namely the Republican party. The article to which we refer was printed last Tuesday, and was based upon a sermon delivered by Bishop Turner, of the African Methodist Episcopal church, who recently preached in Bloomington, Ill. The *Tribune*, after suggesting Africa as a good field of usefulness and development for the American Ethiopian says:

"And, yet, after all, the situation in this country is not as black or bad as Bishop Turner paints it. 'The deep radical prejudice' he speaks of does not exist at the South where the whites preponderate. The two races have gotten along wonderfully well in the South, much better than Indians and whites would have done in the West. The 'deep prejudice' at the South of the Democrats is not against negroes as men, but negroes as voters, voting solidly together where they are in the majority over the whites. The feeling is not an unnatural radical one. If the foreign born voters of Illinois were to form one party and attempt to run things after their own peculiar ideas, barring out all natives, the native born voters would fuse into one party, and would manage somehow to get the upper hand of the foreigners. The solidity of the black vote has not resulted in its disfranchisement, and will not, but has led to its not being bulldozed or counted out where it is in the local majority.

"If the Georgia bishop can persuade his black people to divide their votes among the white candidates, beginning with those local elections where officers are chosen who levy and spend taxes, he will find that the political prejudice of the Southern whites against the colored men will die away very rapidly. When Democratic politicians observe that colored votes can be had for their tickets they will see to it that the are cast and counted. At the North politicians cultivate Irish, German, Scotch, English, Welsh, Bohemians, Austrians, Swiss, Ruthenians, Belgians, Croatians, Slavonians, Galicians, Hunns, Servians, Wallachians, Poles, Russians, Finns, Letts, Greeks, and men of a dozen other nationalities, and get them made citizens as soon as possible, hoping to secure their votes, if they know they are not pledged in advance to any one particular party, but will be given to the one that bids highest. The motto of the colored men should be 'Divide and Conquer'—divide themselves, in order to conquer the white politicians' prejudices."

The *Tribune* is quite right in its deductions, as regards political prejudice, but no amount of division among the negro voters politically could overcome the racial hatred of most Southerners for what they call "the nigger" socially. It is true that some of the "best" blood of the South courses in negro veins, and that the relations of the planter aristocracy toward female slaves were decidedly immoral in the past, whatever they may be at present, but, notwithstanding, "the nigger" is the bugbear of the South. The much abused, poor, good natured fellow does nearly all the hard work of that section, and, in fact, without him the cotton and sugar districts of the South would infallibly go to wreck and ruin, because white laborers cannot stand the climate, yet the Southrons hate, or, what is worse, despise "the nigger," and will have none of him, if they can help it. Here in the North, "the nigger" does not trouble us. He is not numerous enough, in the first place, and, in the next, he is well able to take care of himself. He is rarely, if ever, idle, and never makes any attempt to force himself socially on the white people by whom he is surrounded—unless in a saloon, where all men are, in the North at least, equal. But the fact that a colored man can take a drink when he feels like it, without removing his hat; that he can, occasionally, get a bit to eat at a restaurant; that he can ride in a railroad train, or in an omnibus, or in a street car with white people, does not drive us of the North into hysterics. Yet we have never been as close to the negroes, in any sense, as the Southern whites have been, and, in many cases, are.

Why, then, this eternal Southern howl against "the nigger?" Are the Southrons better than we? Rather they must consider themselves inferior, because they fear that any approach to social contact with the negro may degrade them, while we do not. In private the Southern people treat the negroes as human beings. In public they use them like dogs. In public the Northern people treat the negroes like citizens of a free country, while in private—well in private the Northern negro fares rather worse than his Southern cousin. In truth, socially, there is little for the negro to choose between the two sections.

RECRUITS FOR THE ARMY.

The following was telegraphed from Washington on Tuesday: "Ever since public and official attention was directed to the subject of the frequency of desertions from the army, a year or so ago, there has been a determined effort on the part of the officials to improve the quality of the material with which the service was recruited, in the belief that in this lay the remedy for the grave evil for which a cause was so diligently sought. Extra endeavors were made to secure young men who sought the army as a profession rather than as a haven of refuge, and to this end the efforts of recruiting officers have been systematically turned away from cities toward the country. The new system has just begun to show its fruits and is more than justifying the expectations of those who inaugurated it. An officer of the adjutant general's department who has charge of this work remarked to a reporter the other day: 'We are having good luck with our later recruits, and I think that the army is today composed of a better class of people than ever before. We have abandoned the city field almost entirely for the country, where we are more apt to find vigorous young men, free from the contamination of the rough life of towns, eager to do well and to wear chevrons. Such men make good soldiers, far better than the old, hardened toughs who come out of the slums to enlist as a last resort or as a means of drowning their identities. For one thing, we have issued a neat lithographic poster showing the soldier of the service in his best uniforms and presenting an attractive picture of army life. It takes with countrymen quicker than with the hardened denizen of the town, to whom smart clothes are less of an attraction than a glass of beer."

The absolute dullness of average army life in times of peace is the chief reason of desertion from the ranks. Even officers are sometimes unequal to the strain. Farming life in most of the American rural districts is not a whit less dull than the life experienced by the army, especially in the winter season. Therefore, the countryman may "stick" better, while there is no fighting to be done, than the city man. The bravery of both is about equal, but the civil war showed that the city regiments were ahead of the country ones in the matter of endurance. The city boy, who is liable to enlist, is used to irregular hours, and, often, to hard living. The country boy, as a rule, keeps regular hours. He rises and goes to roost with the chickens. The city boy has no bump of veneration for blue cloth and gilt buttons. The country boy has. The city boy does not think that an army officer, because of his rank, is a divine being. The country boy has no doubt of the officer's divinity—until he gets a dozen hard drills. The city boy, owing to "the police" is familiar with blue and brass trappings. The country boy has rarely ever seen anything better than a superannuated "marshal," with a hazel stick and a rusty star. The city boy may like his "beer." The country boy loves his whisky, when he can get it. The city boy who drinks, may escape being a loafer, but there is no hope for a country boy who loves his "bitters." The city boy can "fight his weight in wildcats." The country boy can just about "tackle" a man of his own size. Both are pretty good boys, but THE CITIZEN, for either fighting, marching, getting "full" and getting over it, prefers a city boy, and especially a Chicago boy, for "the Regular Army O."

DEATH OF "THE NATION."

Every lover of Irish literature will regret to hear that the Dublin *Nation* has ceased to exist. After a chequered career of forty nine years, interrupted only by a term of some ten or eleven months, the organ which was founded by Davis, Dillon, and Duffy, who conceived the idea of starting such a paper seated under a tree in Phœnix Park, Dublin, has at last disappeared from the Irish literary and political arena. It was from the date of its foundation, in October, 1842, down to its suppression in July, 1848, caused by "Speranza's" article "Jacta Alea Est," the first and most influential of Irish journals. The triumvirate under whose auspices it was conducted gathered to its office the young and rich literary talent of the land. The *Nation*, in the words of Clarence Mangan, brought a new soul into Ireland. It created, so to speak, the literary tide which, taken at the flood led on to the establishment of a strong, healthy and purely national public opinion.

The *Nation* was revived in the fall of 1849 by one of its original founders, Gavan Duffy, who continued to edit it till the foul odor of the "Brass Band" treason, as well as that of the historical corpse on the dissecting table, compelled him to quit Ireland for the more congenial atmosphere of Australia. Duffy was succeeded in the editorial chair by Cashel Hoey, who in turn ceded the position to the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan. It remained under the latter's control till 1874, when it passed into the hands of his brother, Mr. T. D. Sullivan. Mr. T. D. Sullivan retired two years ago in favor of Mr. J. J. Lalor, who was privileged to assist at the obsequies of the greatest Irish newspaper that was ever published. Of late years the *Nation* lost much of its vitality, and with the loss of its vitality came the loss of its influence and intellectuality. The cause that sealed its doom was doubtless its rather ribald opposition to Mr. Parnell. How prophetic are the lines which Duffy wrote in the hot flush of his early manhood:

—To wield the brand
With an equal hand
Like a soldier of Truth and Light,
And oh, saints, to die
While our flag flew high,
Nor look on its fall or flight.

Well, the flag has fallen and the bird has flown.

MINISTER EGAN'S ATTITUDE.

The merry war of butchery and rapine still goes ahead in miserably distracted Chili—a country that could be great if she devoted herself to the arts of peace. In matters martial she had her fill of "glory" in the war with her sister republic, Peru, and, until the present unfortunate conflict broke out, she was justly regarded as the foremost among South American commonwealths. The quarrel between the despotic president and the revolutionary congress is so intense that reconciliation seems out of the question. Minister Egan attempted to bring about a cessation of hostilities some time ago, but, owing to the "pure cussedness" of some of the parties concerned, did not succeed in his object. Now he is blamed by the congressional faction and has been accused of siding with the president. The following dispatch will explain Mr. Egan's position in the matter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14—Official circles are amused at the threat made by Mr. Hoffman, in Chicago, that Minister Egan would be ejected as soon as the insurgents came into power. The Chilean congressional party has now about a dozen representatives, and all of them who are seeking public sentiment started in by denouncing the United States. But when they come to Washington and find that the minister has simply been carrying out instructions, they change their tone. The Chilean situation has been discussed several times at cabinet meetings, and was the subject of special attention by Secretary Blaine before he became ill. The insurgents have enlisted powerful friends in this country, and every possible influence has been brought to bear to secure the removal of Minister Egan, and the recognition of the congressional party as belligerents. But the only outcome has been to reiterate the instructions to the minister that Balmaceda's government is the only one he can recognize. For following his instructions Mr. Egan has been denounced as a partisan of Balmaceda. The cabinet has been guided in its conclusions by the precedents and principles of international law. It has had full information of the situation from sources outside the diplomatic representatives. Admiral McCann made a special investigation both at the Balmaceda headquarters and at the insurgent stronghold in Iquique. His report has never been made public for good reasons, but it is stated that its conclusions were more unfavorable to the insurgents than anything which came from the legation at Santiago. Though the insurgents are working in every direction to gain some sort of official recognition, they have poor chances of success.

THE following significant dispatch speaks for itself: "Dublin, July 13—One hundred delegates attended the League convention in Limerick today. They resolved to adhere to the old programme and to the old leaders. Messrs. Mahoney and Harrington, members of parliament, made anti clerical speeches. They said that the delegates ought to take vigorous measures to counteract priestly dictation. 'Irishmen,' said Mr. Mahoney, 'might as well be the Slaves of Great Britain as of the Irish bishops."

FOUR hundred traveling editors visited Waukesha the other day. It is reported that the wells have run dry, and that the mayor has issued a requisition for provisions on such inhabitants as have not been eaten out of house and home.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Ards, county Down, was visited by a severe thunderstorm recently, during which a man and a cow were struck by lightning near Newtownards. The cow died, and the man has not yet recovered.

At Rathcoole petty sessions, in the case of Patrick Tipper, killed while returning from the meeting at Lucan, a man named Michael Cohnor was committed for trial, three other men, named Brown, Hinch, and Mulligan, being discharged.

The rent dispute on the Trench estate, West Limerick, which has been going on since 1885, has at length been brought to a termination.

A young man named Parker, residing near Belturbet, committed suicide by shooting himself. He was of weak mind.

The town and district of Tipperary were placarded with notices containing the following: "New Tipperary. To be sold by private treaty, in lots to suit purchasers, four streets, one mart, and one weighing machine. For particulars of sale apply to Rev. David Humphreys, C.C., Presbytery, Tipperary, or to John Vincent Rourke, C.E., Tipperary."

A farmer named James Kelly, residing near Ballynonty, died very suddenly, just after eating breakfast, and before either a doctor or a friend could be sent for.

Following is an extract from the letter of a Clonmel man, describing to a friend at home his voyage to the United States: "We had gone nearly half over the pathless ocean when a storm arose, which gradually developed into a horrible hurricane. Like a small cork in the river Suir the mighty ship was wafted on the surface of the billows, and no man half seas over with John Jameson ever toppled about the Main Guard in Clonmel as we staggered to and fro on board the upheaving vessel. Some were rolled about in the agonies of sea sickness, the torments of same being increased a hundred fold by the violent motions of the vessel, and a scene followed that recalled to my mind strongly the saying I often saw used in the Clonmel papers: that it could be better imagined than described."

The purchase of the Tyrone coalfields has just been completed by a very strong Scotch company, who have bought the interest of Mr. Thomas A. Dickson, M.P., and Mr. James Brown, J.P., in the Drumoland and Congo collieries, which were closed for some time. Several hundred hands have been employed. The sinking of pits will commence at once at Congo.

The Tuam races were held on the 1st inst.

A commercial gentleman who was staying at the Temperance Hotel, Molesworth street, Cookstown, became suddenly insane, and in a few minutes developed into a raving maniac. He smashed all the furniture in his room, and proceeded to throw it through the window into the street. Three policemen in charge of Inspector Carey arrived and broke open the door after great exertion. On entering, the man who was nearly naked, was found crouched in a corner, armed with a lump of jagged crockery. On seeing the police he dashed at them. Then ensued a fearful struggle, during which the unfortunate man was wounded on the legs and head, and bled profusely. He was subsequently bound with ropes and removed to the police barracks, whence he was taken to the county asylum at Omagh.

Most Rev. Dr. Flannery, bishop of Killaloe, died in Paris on June 19. He is succeeded by Right Rev. Dr. McRedmond, coadjutor bishop.

Some militiamen from Camden Fort went to a village named Whitegate. Having taken some drink they began to conduct themselves in a disorderly manner. A policeman, assisted by a comrade, arrested a militiaman, and six or seven of the latter's companions soon arrived on the scene and rescued him, severely beating one of the police, whose eye was badly injured. The militiamen were afterwards arrested, and removed to Cork jail.

The dead body of a man named Nesbitt, who resided near Newtownards, was found near Newtownabreda. He had been missing since last November. The police believe he was murdered.

A woman named Anne Gleeson, a returned emigrant, belonging to Thurles, was charged at the Queenstown police court with attempting to smuggle two pints of foreign manufactured spirits. She was fined the value of the spirits, the duty, and costs.

Timoleague Abbey, a monastery which in ancient times belonged to the Franciscans, was the scene of some imposing ceremonies recently. Brothers of the order who are at present holding a mission in the village decided to have mass celebrated in the old abbey, the first time after nearly two centuries and a half. Every foot of available space in the edifice and grounds around was occupied by an immense congregation. Solemn requiem mass was chanted and an eloquent sermon preached by Rev. Father Jarleth, O.S.F., Killarney.

Henry Carlisle was charged at the Downpatrick petty sessions with having fraudulently retained in his possession a letter addressed to another person. He was returned for trial to the Down assizes, bail being accepted.

The Lismore laborers, who had been on strike, have resumed work at the same rate of wages as they had been receiving before the strike.

Canon Hannan of Edinburgh died on June 24. He was a native of Ballingarry, Limerick.

At a meeting of the Limerick board of guardians the proceedings were interrupted by an uproar in the body of the house, a number of the pauper inmates assembling outside the board room, shouting and cheering, and beating tin cans. The same performance took place last board day, and the master was ordered to have the offenders prosecuted. The cause of the disturbance was stated to be that the the paupers objected to the presence of their wardmaster, a man named Ryan, who, it is alleged, took an evicted farm on the Cloncurry estate. When the disturbance commenced Mr. J. G. Barry, J. P., asked what was the matter. The master said the inmates were waving green boughs and beating tin cans. John McInerney inquired what was the reason of the disturbance. The master replied that they were denouncing a man named Ryan and calling him a grabber. It was then resolved that the master swear information at once and have the leader arrested.

An excise officer named John Decourcey, a native of Killarney, was drowned in the Lee while bathing.

A lunatic named Jas. Meighan escaped from the Armagh asylum, and has not since been heard of.

The number of vessels of each nationality employed in mackerel fishing in Ireland in 1890 was as follows: English and Manx, 269; Scotch, 23; French, 71; Irish, 300.

The parish priests of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore assembled at the Cathedral of Waterford under the presidency of Mgr. Byrne, V.G., vicar capitular, Lismore, for the purpose of selecting by ballot three clergymen, whose names will be forwarded to the authorities at Rome as candidates for the office of Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, in succession to the late Most Rev. Dr. Egan. The voting resulted in the following names being selected: Very Rev. M. Sheehan, P. P., V. F., Carrick on Suir; Rev. W. J. Walsh, V. P., St. John's College; and Very Rev. Peter Casey, P.P., V.G., Dungarvan.

The body of Mrs. Ellen O'Connor, of Liscahane, county Kerry, was found floating in a pond at Ballinascar. The poor woman, who was insane, had been missing for several weeks.

Michael and Patrick Lucy, father and son, on a charge of moonlighting and intimidating were returned at Killarney for trial to the Kerry assizes.

At the inquest held in Sligo courthouse concerning the death of Ann Ormsby, aged 70, a verdict of accidental death was returned. Deceased had been knocked down in Thomas street by a horse ridden by a Mr. Addison.

Rev. Malachy P. Golden, son of Mr. J. Golden of Stephen street, Sligo, was lately ordained at Maynooth.

A handsome new building, to be used as a branch of the Bank of Ireland, was opened lately in Sligo.

At the Westmeath assizes Wm. Ivory, a man about 50 years of age, was put forward charged with the murder of his wife, near Delvin, about a month ago. The prisoner, at present an inmate of the Mullingar insane asylum, appeared in custody of two asylum warders. The jury found the prisoner not capable of pleading, and he was sent to a lunatic asylum during her Majesty's pleasure. Joseph Dignam was put forward charged with the manslaughter of William Spellman, an old man, in Moate, on the 13th of April. The jury found the prisoner guilty, with a recommendation to mercy, and he was allowed out on his own recognizance.

The Earl of Clonmel died recently. It was his ancestor, Mr. Scott, who said while receiving a bribe from Castlereagh, "My lord you have spoiled a good patriot." Great Scott!

The Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, bishop of Ossory, has made the following changes in the diocese: Very Rev. Richard Canon Hogan, to the dignity of penitentiary of the of the Cathedral chapter, in succession to the late Very Rev. Joseph Dunphy, P.P., Mooncoin; Very Rev. John O'Hanlon, P. P., Gowran, to be canon of Kilmanagh, in place of Very Rev. Richard Hogan; Rev. Patrick Phelan, C.C., Cullohill, to be parish priest of Mooncoin; Rev. Michael McGrath, C. C., Durrow, to be C. C., Cullohill; Rev. William Costigan, C.C., Castlecomer, to be C. C., Durrow; Rev. John Prendergast, C.C., Urlingford, to be C.C., Castlecomer; Rev. Joseph Timothy, C.C., Clough, to be C.C., Urlingford; Rev. William Carrigan, C.C., Ballyragget, to be C.C., Conaty; Rev. John Ryan, C.C., Tullaroan, to be C.C., Ballyragget; Rev. John Coyle, C.C., Danesfort, to be C.C., Tullaroan; Rev. Daniel Hogan, C.C., Conaty, to be C.C., Danesfort; Rev. Edward Fitzpatrick, C.C., St. Johns, Kilkenny, to be C.C. Rathdowney; Rev. James Bowe, C.C., Rathdowney, to be C.C., St. John's.

Following is the return of the number of animals exported from Ireland to Great Britain during the week ended June 6, showing ports of embarkation:

Irish ports.	Number of Animals Exported.
Belfast	3 486
Coleraine	196
Cork	7,231
Drogheda	2 814
Dublin	11 055
Dundalk	1 781
Dundrum	48
Greenore	1 228
Larne	389
Limerick	79
Londonderry	2 205
Newry	470
Sligo	467
Waterford	4,033
Westport	3
Wexford	1,847
Total	37,286
Total for corresponding week in 1890	36 335

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O'GORMAN MAHON'S CAREER

A Graphic Sketch of the Remarkable Life of the Picturesque Old Irish Chieftain.

His Quarrels With O'Connell After 1829. His Adventures in South America and Other Countries.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Now we lose sight of The O'Gorman Mahon till 1847, when he was returned for Ennis, the capital town of historic Clare. The disruption of the Repeal agitation, owing to the famine, the death of O'Connell, and the more bold and advanced policy preached by the Young Irelanders, seem to have given him the opportunity to enter once more into public life. What his politics were at the time is not very clear. His address, which was a long one, talked of government grants and commercial advantages (there could be nothing more attractive to a people suffering the direct straits of poverty, privation and famine), but not a word about repeal of the Union. He seems, in fact, to have narrowed down to a Whig—a follower of Lord John Russell, and his promises of immediate material succor induced the electors of Ennis to receive him as a deliver. Capt. MacNamara, the son of his old opponent, Maj. MacNamara, retired in his favor, and he was returned unopposed. In parliament he supported the repressive measures of Lord John Russell against the Young Irelanders in 1848; and he attended a meeting of Irish peers and members of parliament who placed their services at the disposal of the Crown against any "seditious attempt" to overthrow the institutions of the country. The O'Gorman Mahon certainly sinned in rather mixed company, for among his colleagues who acted similarly were John O'Connell, Wm. Keogh (afterwards the notorious judge), Morgan J. O'Connell, Sir Lucious O'Brien and John Sadlier, the defaulting banker and swindler who committed suicide on Hempstead Heath in 1856. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, writing in his "League of the North and South" of the Irish representatives of that time, says: "They were lower in character and personal influence than Irish members had been at any time since the Union. A general election took place in 1847, shortly after O'Connell's death, and many of the constituencies, as a tribute of respect to his memory, had allowed his sons to nominate candidates, and persons were elected under their patronage who had made the name of Repeal member a terget for contempt and curses. They had been all duly pledged to fidelity to Mr. John O'Connell, but by this time they regarded his wishes less than the wishes of the doorkeeper of the house of commons. They were in general, indeed, men whom you might as profitably send to Westminster pledged to resist temptation, as cast wax into a furnace with an exhortation not to burn. When the Tenant's Defense League was founded in 1850, a bill was prepared by a committee of the organization, which proposed to prohibit evictions for arrears till the amount necessary to cultivate the farm and to furnish a reasonable subsistence to the farmer and his family had been deducted from the value of the harvest, and Mr. Shea Lalor was dispatched to lay it before the Irish members in London. The Irish members, says Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, consented to introduce the ambassador of the League to Lord John Russell, but declined to sanction the bill, and took care to assure the Premier that their presence must not be construed into any approval of it. The O'Gorman Mahon was one of the nine Irish members who introduced Mr. Shea Lalor to Sir John Russell in that fashion. Cries of "place hunter" and "political intriguer" began to be raised down in Clare against The O'Gorman Mahon, and to make matters worse in his regard, the thousands of pounds which he had promised to obtain from the treasury for Ennis were not forthcoming. Then the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was introduced by the Whig government, of which he was a follower—the bill which proposed to make penal the assumption by Roman Catholic ecclesiastics of the title of archbishop, bishop, or dean of any diocese of the United Kingdom—and he abstained from voting against its third reading. All this was too much for the electors of Ennis, and so when the general election came in 1852, The O'Gorman Mahon failed to get returned. His opponent was Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, Q. C. (who died a short time since a lord justice of appeal and a peer of the realm), and the numbers were, Fitzgerald, 59; O'Gorman Mahon, 46; majority for Fitzgerald, 13. It was said at the time that a liberal distribution of new and crisp bank of England notes among the electors, had more influence on the fate of The O'Gorman Mahon than his political tergiversations. A petition was actually filed against the successful candidate, when, to the surprise of everybody, it was suddenly withdrawn, and it was proclaimed from the housetops down in Ennis that new and crisp bank of Ireland notes also paid the election expenses of the defeated candidate. The *Nation* of the time, be it said, in an article on the results of the general election, rejoiced that the political career of The O'Gorman Mahon was at an end, and that he had been forced to retire into the ease and dignity of London life.

But the *Nation* was wrong in both respects. The O'Gorman Mahon passed by the ease and dignity of London life, and his political career was not at an end—it was only interrupted. The nomadic career of The O'Gorman Mahon then commenced. His was not a nature that could be content with the ignoble ease and dignity of the life the *Nation* doomed him to. He became a wanderer over the greater part of the earth's surface. What romance could equal the story of his life from 1853 to 1879?—that is if we only knew it, for, alas, he was very reticent on the point, and not all the strategems, the coaxings, the wiles, the deluderings of his parliamentary colleagues could ever get him to speak on the subject. We know, however, that he first proceeded to Paris, and in that city of sensations was mixed up in the most sensational journalistic freaks, political intrigues, and financial speculations. But Europe was too narrow and commonplace to hold him. He found more congenial fields and pastures in South American Republics. We hear of him as staff colonel and aid de-camp to the president of Costa Rica, and then as commander of the navy of the rival state of Chili, and rumor has gone so far even as to whisper that in Peru he wore the mitre of an archbishop! It was a wild and adventurous career any way, and after many hair breadth escapes by field and flood, that put those of Othello in the shade, in his many hazardous political, military, and naval enterprises abroad, he returned to Clare in 1879, was welcomed like a king, or rather like the old Irish chieftan that he was, and in 1880 he was elected to represent his native country once more in parliament.

The O'Gorman Mahon was now what he was when member for Clare fifty years before—a true, staunch and sterling Irish Nationalist. He joined the advanced section of the Irish party, as the followers of Mr. Parnell were then called, and at the meeting of the newly elected members, held in May, 1880, to elect a leader, he was honored with the duty of proposing the name of Mr. Parnell. There were 41 members present; 23 voted for Mr. Parnell and 18 for his rival, Mr. Wm. Shaw.

During the stormy and turbulent sessions of the Gladstonian parliament of 1880-5, The O'Gorman Mahon rendered loyal support to the leader who had been elected on his motion. His physique was as striking as ever, but his old loquacity had fled. He spoke once and once only in the house in the session of 1881. It was a brief but very remarkable speech. The house at the time was considering the lords' amendments to Mr. Gladstone's Land bill. "Are we to be bullied," exclaimed the old chieftan, "by the wretched mischief makers at the other end of the lobby?" and he waved a contemptuous hand in the direction of the house of lords. "If I had the misfortune to be born the son of a boob/ peer"—a sharp cry of "order, order" from the chair interrupted the member for Clare, and the world will never know what The O'Gorman Mahon would have done had he the misfortune to be born the son of a booby peer! "But, God bless my soul, Mr. Speaker," he went on, "are we to be at the mercy of a scratch of the pen of the irresponsibilities yonder?" He said no more. He did not seek reelection when parliament was dissolved in 1885; but on the death of Mr. J. A. Blake, in 1887, he accepted the invitation of Mr. Parnell to sit for Carlow. Who that witnessed his introduction into the house on that occasion can ever forget the spectacle? His progress from the bar to the table to subscribe to the oath was delightful. His tall, well proportioned and picturesque form, straight as a pine, towered high above his sponsors, Joe Biggar and Richard Power, who walked by his side. Even in his extreme old age he was a magnificent specimen of physical humanity. His handsome leonine face was set in masses of hair, white with the snows of eighty four years. He lightly bore the heavy burden of his years; he walked with the agility and sprightliness of a young soldier, and as he advanced to the table, he blew kisses to both sides of the house. When he had taken the oath he turned round and shook hands with Mr. W. H. Smith, the leader of the house, and Mr. Balfour, who sat on the front ministerial bench, and after duly greeting the speaker, took a seat on the front opposition bench beside Mr. Gladstone, who welcomed him most enthusiastically. And what a magnificent picture these two grand old men, both so liberally endowed by nature—one with mental gifts, and the other with graces of person! A very warm friendship existed between them. Mr. Gladstone once declared that the most courtly and gracious gentleman—the gentleman with the sweetest manners—he had ever met with was The O'Gorman Mahon. The charm of manner of this erstwhile swashbuckler—this fighter of countless duels, this rough and ready adventurer of the South American republics, was certainly delightful. In his youth he was the idol of the ladies. In his old age he was loved by everyone who knew him.

It was his custom for several years to celebrate his birthday on the 12th of March by inviting some of his friends among the Irish party to dine with him. One of them once asked him how old he was. "Ah, my boy," said he, "that is one of the things I have had time to forget!" He was six years older than Mr. Gladstone, and entered the house of commons two years before the Liberal leader. Old as he was, the news of his death will come as a shock to many. His friends had come to think that the divine attribute of perpetual youth was his. Peace to his ashes.

Parnell Defeated.

[Catholic Union and Times, Rev. P. Cronin, editor, July 11.]

The cable brings us this significant intelligence Wednesday afternoon:

"DUBLIN, July 8.—The result of the election held yesterday at Carlow for a successor in parliament to the late O'Gorman Mahon resulted in a crushing defeat for the Parnellite candidate in the district which Parnell admitted was his stronghold and where he said, if he was defeated, he would admit that he had nothing left to fall back upon in political life. The result was: Hammond, McCarthyite candidate, 3,755; Kettle, Parnellite, 1,536.

Supposing the foregoing statements to be correct, we cannot see how Mr. Parnell and his friends can view the result at Carlow in any other light than that of a crushing defeat. So far, Ireland's voice has been against the continuance in power of her quondam leader; and if that voice should continue hostile, it would be worse than madness—it would be criminal on his part to carry on the fight with delusive hope of mastery.

Honor to Charles Stewart Parnell for all he has achieved for his country's cause. But Ireland is greater than any man, however peerless in leadership; and if, in changed circumstances, she *insists* upon his retirement, there is nothing left for him to do but to yield gracefully and obey the voice of his country.

About St. Brendan.

[To the Editor.]

Next year, and till the end of the World's Fair, the great achievement of Columbus will be amply celebrated. The discoverer of a new hemisphere was drawn into the adventure by reading the tales of Norwegian voyagers, who anticipated his discovery without recognizing its importance. These Norse sea rovers were led to cross the Atlantic by similar traditions of the voyage of St. Brendan. It seems proper and patriotic for Irish Americans to call the world's attention to the predecessors of Columbus. It is suggested that a subscription be raised to place a statue of the stalwart Irish monk in one of Chicago's parks. If there be money enough it should be of bronze. Doubtless copies would be desired by New York, Boston and Ireland. I hope THE CITIZEN will recognize that this is its work, as the leader of Irish opinion in the western metropolis. To be ready for 1893, it is necessary to commence now, and the monument will be really a contribution to the history of the New World, as well as a memorial of the original discoverer of Island it Mikla. W.

MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD.

BY C. G. DOWLING.

In the cheerful, happy days of youth
When boys begin to club together,
In innocence, and love, and truth
They little think 'bout wind or weather,
Our hearts were light, with little care,
But glad and gay, they bounded merry,
Such days indeed are rather rare
The world can give outside of Derry.

On Monday morning off to school,
But on the way a little racket,
And then the teacher's rod or rule
Was sure to dust our little jacket!
When school was over, as we came home,
We plucked the nest, and wild strawberry—
Oh let them boast of Greece and Rome
The classic land for me is Derry.

Our mother's kindly voice was sure
To welcome us when home returning,
And sisters loving, good, and pure,
That rivalled us in books and learning,
With hurling, football, pranks and play,
If poor, our hearts were warm and merry,
Oh, is the sun that shines today
As warm and bright as then in Derry?

How pleasant, too, on Sunday morn,
To make our way through groves of apple,
And pluck the wild flowers to adorn
The altar in the little chapel.
The birds above us in the trees
Were all so musical and merry,
Oh, birds have never sung like these,
The little choristers of Derry.

If e'er these memories should decay,
I might as well be broken hearted,
For half the joy I feel today
Is thinking o'er the joys departed.
Adieu, dear spot I loved so well,
When e'er I smile both glad and merry
'Tis for your sake, but tears can tell
Much better how I love thee, Derry.

OBITUARY.

MRS ELIZABETH DUNNE.

The venerable mother of the late Gen. W. A. C. Ryan, murdered in the Virginius affair by the Spaniards, and of Col. John George Ryan, late of the Confederate army, died in this city last Sunday. She was married twice, and bore at the time of her demise the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Dunne. She was a fine old lady, devoted to the cause of human liberty, and proud of her two gallant sons, who fought, according to their lights, in losing causes. Both earned martial honor at the points of their swords. Col. John George Ryan is the gentleman who was arrested and held prisoner by the Johnson-Seward government for several months, because of his strong resemblance to John H. Surratt, of Baltimore.

MISS KITTIE GILMAN.

Miss Kittie Gilman, second daughter of Mr. George C. Gilman, of No. 433 Dearborn avenue, died suddenly while visiting friends in Columbus, O., last Monday. The young lady was in her 18th year. The immediate cause of her death was heart failure, but her health had been precarious for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Gilman are quite overcome by the shock of their great bereavement. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning, from the residence to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where high mass of requiem was offered up, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. The cortege was an immense one, the obsequies being attended by a large number of the older settlers who have known Mr. Gilman during more than thirty years. The greatest sympathy is felt for the bereaved family by all classes of people throughout the city.

MR PATRICK FITZGERALD.

Mr. Patrick Fitzgerald, a well known Irish-American, long identified with Irish National movements in this city, died on Wednesday at his residence, No. 915 S. Halsted street. Mr. Fitzgerald was born in the village of Camp, county Kerry, and came to America early in life. Since his arrival in this country he resided mostly in this city, where his integrity, industry and other manly qualities made him a large host of friends who now, with his afflicted family, mourn his death. Mr. Fitzgerald was a man of fervid piety, and had all the consolations of the Catholic church, which he loved so well, in his dying hours. His last thoughts were of God and Ireland. Few better lovers of his native country ever lived than Patrick Fitzgerald, who was a true Geraldine in all that the name implies. The funeral occurred from the house to the Church of the Sacred Heart on Friday morning, at 10:30 o'clock. Requiem high mass was offered up, after which an immense cortege escorted the honored remains to Calvary cemetery where they were laid to rest.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Agricultural Holdings in Ireland

An important return giving the number and valuation of all agricultural holdings in Ireland was recently presented to parliament, which is as follows:

Value of Holdings.			Total Number.	Aggregate Valuation. £
£4 and under			151 901	326 902
Over £4 and not over	£15		232 944	1 958 985
" £15	"	£30	88 361	1 871 204
" £30	"	£50	38 731	1 497 462
" £50	"	£150	34 497	2 769 394
" £150	"	£200	3 051	526 834
" £200	"	...	3,724	1 185 805
Totals			552,349	£10,136,493

The number of holdings is taken from the agricultural statistics for 1889, but includes many thousands of holdings which could not come under the Purchase of Land and Congested Districts (Ireland) bill, when added to the statutes—*e.g.* holdings already dealt with under the Ashbourne and former Purchase acts; lands occupied as villa residences, lands in the occupation of landlords, demesnes, home farms, holdings the purchase of which would require a greater advance than £8,000; holdings in occupation held under perpetuities of nominal rents, in respect of many of which it is not possible to obtain statistics without an inquiry from the owners of the holdings as to the circumstances of their tenure and other matters which there is no authority to make.

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

A good programme had been provided by the Gaelic Athletic Association for the games last Sunday, but owing to the time consumed in playing two football games the greater part of the programme was postponed until next Sunday.

A good crowd looked on while the Davitt and the Grattan clubs struggled for the possession of a football. It was a hotly contested match, and when time was called the Davitts were ahead with one goal kicked while their opponents had made but three points.

The second match was between the Wolfe Tone and the Emmet clubs. It was watched with much interest, and was won by the Wolfe Tones.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending July 15:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
New Yorks	65	39	26	.600
Chicagos	70	41	29	.586
Bostons	69	38	31	.551
Clevelands	72	36	36	.500
Philadelphias	69	34	35	.493
Brooklyns	69	32	37	.464
Pittsburgs	66	27	39	.409
Cincinnatis	70	28	42	.400

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending July 15:

Thursday—Chicago 11, Philadelphia 3. Pittsburg 7, New York 4. Cleveland 14, Boston 3. Cincinnati 11, Brooklyn 6.

Friday—Chicago 8, New York 6. Cincinnati 2, Boston 5. Cleveland 4, Brooklyn 3. Pittsburg 2, Philadelphia 4.

Saturday—Chicago 6, New York 15. Pittsburg 11, Philadelphia 0. Cleveland 5, Brooklyn 4. Cincinnati 7, Boston 3.

Monday—Chicago 3, New York 7. Cincinnati 0, Boston 2. Brooklyn 19, Cleveland 7. Philadelphia 7, Pittsburg 6.

Tuesday—Chicago 4, Boston 0. Cleveland 10, New York 2. Cincinnati 1, Philadelphia 9.

Wednesday—Chicago 6, Boston 5. Pittsburg 5, Brooklyn 3. Cleveland 10, New York 11. Cincinnati 6, Philadelphia 4.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Bostons	74	49	25	.662
St. Louis	80	52	28	.650
Baltimores	72	43	29	.597
Philadelphias	75	38	37	.507
Columbus	78	36	42	.462
Cincinnatis	77	33	44	.429
Louisvilles	81	29	52	.358
Washingtons	71	24	47	.338

Thursday—Boston 3, St. Louis 4. Philadelphia 5, Cincinnati 2. Washington 8, Columbus 7. Baltimore 5, Louisville 0.

Friday—Washington 10, Columbus 4. Philadelphia 8, Cincinnati 3. Baltimore 13, Louisville 6.

Saturday—Philadelphia 3, Cincinnati 0. Washington 1, Columbus 3. Boston 5, St. Louis 2. Baltimore 14, Louisville 5.

Monday—Washington 5, St. Louis 6. Baltimore 2, Columbus 0. Philadelphia 12, Louisville 2. Boston 6, Cincinnati 1.

Tuesday—Washington 2, St. Louis 11. Philadelphia 11, Louisville 9. Baltimore 3, Columbus 9. Boston 5, Cincinnati 1.

Wednesday—Boston 15, Cincinnati 12. Philadelphia 10, Louisville 1.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	9	6	3	.667
Garden Citys	10	6	4	.600
West Ends	9	5	4	.556
Rivals	9	4	5	.444
Brands	9	4	5	.444
Franklins	10	3	7	.300

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Brands 14, Whitings 6. Garden Citys 3, West Ends 2. Rivals 5, Franklins 0.

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

Dromtariffe was defeated by the Nil Desperandum (Cork city) footballers at Coachford.

The semi final tie for the football championship of the "Kingdom" of Kerry was played at Tralee between the Ballymacelligott and Killarney teams. The former won a decisive victory, and thus rendered themselves eligible for the final tie for the medals, which they will play off with the Keel men.

The concluding tie for the football challenge cup for the division of West Cork was arranged to take place at Skibbereen between the two well known teams, Dunmanway and Kilmacabes, but the former having failed to put in an appearance, the latter, in accordance with the by laws, were awarded the match.

At a meeting of the county Cavan committee, a resolution was unanimously passed, on the motion of the chairman, Mr. McCabe, declaring their abhorrence of rough and objectionable play; and also stating that they would take every precaution against members of the team taking intoxicating drink during time of play.

Literary Notes.

Life in the open air and adventures afloat and ashore make up a large part of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine's* contents for July. Trout fishing in the Laurentides, the Diamond Fields of South Africa, Ostrich Farming in California, and Country life in Honduras, are descriptive titles of some of these profusely illustrated open air papers. In addition, Elizabeth Bisland describes London charities in a paper illustrated from picturesque photographs and character studies; C. C. Waddle tells the history of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; James Grant Wilson writes of the daring achievements of Lieut. Cushing and Gen. Custer, the boy heroes of the war and navy of the Union; and Lieut. W. S. Hughes describes the world's progress in the building of submarine war vessels. All these papers are handsomely illustrated from original sources, and in the one on trout fishing, will be recognized the features of an ex president of the United States. The history of embroidery forms the subject of a beautifully illustrated article by Alida G. Radcliffe. There is a thrilling story of renunciation and self sacrifice by Alva Milton Kerr, entitled, "At the Dam of San Marko," for which Charles Howard Johnson has furnished the illustrations, while A. B. Wenzell has made the drawings for Prof. Boyesen's novelette, "The Elixir of Pain," of which the last chapters are given. Next month the *Cosmopolitan* promises to print the opening chapters of a short novel by Amelie Rives, which she entitles "According to St. John," and which is said to be the best work from her pen.

IRISH-AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

Drilling in Wolfe Tone Encampment on Staten Island.

Twelve hundred able bodied Irish Americans who know how to handle a musket went into camp on 11th inst. at Arrochar, Staten Island. They came from many parts of the United States, and wore handsome uniforms, in which green was conspicuous. They belong to the Irish-American Military Union. Until Tuesday they will remain in camp. The encampment is named in honor of Wolfe Tone. Side by side in many parts of it wave the Stars and Stripes and Erin's green flag with its gorgeous sunset. At 5:30 yesterday morning reveille was sounded. When the men had formed, the American flag was hoisted and saluted with forty four guns by battery A of the first regiment of the Irish-American Light Artillery. There was a drill at 7 o'clock and guard mounting at 9.

At 3 o'clock Major Gen. Wm. F. Kelly, the commander in chief of the Union, reviewed the troops. Then the American Declaration of Independence was read by Judge Advocate Gen. Roynane, after which the green flag of the Irish American Military Union, with the sunburst and harp in the centre and bordered by thirty-two stars, was raised. It was saluted with thirty two guns, one for each county in Ireland. P. J. Tynan then made an address. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to drilling. In the evening a display of fireworks took place.

There are thirty two companies in camp. They came from Washington, Central Falls, R. I.; New Haven, Danbury, New London, Meriden, Worchester, Fall River, New Bedford, Scranton, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Newark, Elizabeth, Jersey City, and New York city. Major Gen. Wm. F. Kelly, of New York, is commander in chief; Brig. Gen. James H. Murphy, of Philadelphia, vice commander; Col. C. Stephens O'Mahony, of New York, adjutant general and chief of staff; Col. Patrick O'Brien, of Philadelphia, paymaster general; and Col. H. Boylan, of Philadelphia, quartermaster general. Lieut. Col. P. J. O'Reilly is post commander of the camp, and Lieut. James Anderson, of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, inspector.

At 11 o'clock in the morning there was a solemn high military mass. Maurice F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia, and J. Henry McCarthy, of New York made addresses. Football teams representing the counties of Tipperary and Westmeath contested for a cup in the afternoon. Monday morning there was target shooting and drilling between the various companies. In the afternoon there was a sham battle and a hurling match. On the next day competitive drills took place for prizes.—*Sun*

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of Nativity Court, No. 11, C. O. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our late brother, John McDonald, who was known among his brother Foresters as a devout Catholic, a kind and loving husband and father, as well as a true friend to all.

Resolved, That as members of Nativity Court, No. 11, C. O. F., we do hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to his wife and family in this, their hour of sorrow, praying to Him, who does all things for our greatest good, to give them strength to bear their loss with fortitude.

Resolved, That this testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be written on the minutes of the Court, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved wife and family, also that copies be sent to THE CITIZEN and the *Guide* for publication, and our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days in honor of our departed brother.

MATTHEW LAMB,
MICHAEL RYAN,
JOHN CARNEY,
Committee.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

MILLER—June 22, at Charleville, Ellen, wife of Michael Miller.

NOLAN—June 22, at Knocklishen county Carlow, Elizabeth, wife of C. Nulan, aged 60 years.

ROUGHAN—June 17, at Carrigaholt, county Clare, Patrick Roughan, aged 85 years.

BERGIN—June 19, at Cloghan Brosna, Roscrea, Michael Bergin, aged 66 years.

EGERTON—June 19, at No. 4 Mill street, Dublin, Joseph, youngest son of Thomas and Catherine Egerton, aged 18 years.

GAYNOR—June 20, at Dominick street, Mullingar, Peter Gaynor, aged 26 years.

MCGRATH—June 15, at Grouse Lodge, Pettigo, county Donegal, Jane, wife of James McGrath.

RYAN—At No. 25 George street, Limerick, Laurence E. Ryan, T. C.

BOLAND—June 24, at Hacketstown, Rev. P. Boland, P. P., aged 60 years.

CAHILL—June 24, at Limerick, Rev. Michael Cahill, aged 48 years.

RICKARDS—June 24, at Mill street, Ennis, William Rickards, at an advanced age.

HANLEY—June 25 at Cork street Hospital, Dublin, William, eldest son of the late John Hanley.

NORMYLE—May 17, at Buenos Ayres, Bridget Normyle.

HEENAN—June 26, at Kenmare, Julia Mary, wife of George V. Heenan aged 34 years.

MCDONOUGH—June 25, at Balreany, Slane, Margaret, relict of Dominick McDonough, at an advanced age.

HOURIGAN—June 18, at Golden, Alice, widow of the late Michael Hourigan.

CORCORAN—June 25, at the Private Hospital, Charlemont street, Dublin, Daniel, youngest son of James Corcoran, Oakely Park, Birr.

MARKEY—June 20, at Reynoldstown, county Louth, Eliza, wife of Nicholas Owen Markey.

SHARKEY—June 29, at No. 16 Blackhall place, Dublin, Maria Sharkey.

GRAHAM—At Ballagh Lodge, Donadea, Richard Graham, aged 92 years.

KELLY—June 25, at No. 130 Francis street, Dublin, Mrs. Mary Jane Kelly, relict of the late Luke Kelly.

KENNEDY—June 25, at No. 2 Thomas lane, Broadstone, Patrick Kennedy, late of Moyvalley, county Kildare.

MOONAN—At Kieran, county Louth, Anne Teresa, youngest daughter of the late Patrick Moonan.

DOYLE—At Orlands Park, county Wicklow, Stephen Doyle, aged 71 years.

BYRNE—June 27, at No. 46 Main street, Bray, Katie, eldest daughter of the late Michael Byrne.

FENNELL—June 27, at No. 27 Coleraine street, Dublin, Mrs. Anne Fennell.

A fact that all men with gray and many shaded whiskers should know, that Buckingham's Dye always colors an even *brown* or *black* at will.

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LITTLE THINGS.

A goodby kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,
After the toil of the day.
But it smooths the furrows out of the care
And lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,"
"I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find,
For love is tender, as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
'Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—Union Signal.

SOLD FOR A SILK RAG.

It was New Year's eve at one of the gay military stations of the Central provinces, India. The ball, given by the officers of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth was in full swing. The large dining room of the mess bungalow had been turned out and decorated as a ballroom.

Supper was laid in a tent hard by, and now, at 11:45, the guests were assembled round the well supplied tables.

The One Hundred and Twenty-fourth always did things well, but tonight they surpassed themselves, for the general of the division was present. He was a favorite with them all, and they delighted to do him honor. He very rarely gave them the benefit of his company in holiday time, but this was a special occasion—necessity had obliged him to make a tour of inspection at this season.

"Isn't it rather rash of us choosing this night of all others for keeping late hours?" whispered a pretty girl to her partner, as she drew off her long white gloves preparatory to tasting the savory mock turtle.

"It won't matter for once in a way," he replied; "you need not get up till you please."

"Indeed! And do you suppose for a moment that I could let our regiment parade on New Year's morning without being present? You must have a poor opinion of my esprit de corps! Of course I shall get up. Six o'clock, isn't it?"

"A quarter past."

The handsome young fellow by her side looked down into her eyes, and whispered something which brought the color to her cheeks. His manner, too, was suggestive of happy appropriation, and a stranger would have guessed at the existence of a stronger bond between the two than friendship.

They were not engaged, though they were both desperately in love with each other.

Alas! the course of true love did not run smooth in their case. A stern father barred the road to bliss and caused poor Aimee many heartaches and tears.

But Captain Hamilton was an audacious lover. Such a trifle as the opposition of a stern parent troubled his mind but little. Truth to say, it rather added to the zest of his courtship. Even at this moment the eye of the unsympathetic colonel was upon the young couple with strong disapproval.

The murmur of voices round the supper table increased. Under the cover of the noise Aimee said:

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that; you know it is of no use."

"I know nothing of the sort," he replied quickly. "Did you ever meet a soldier who was frightened off the field in love or war? Your father will not be able to subdue me with a stare."

"He is looking so annoyed."

"My little darling you need not be so alarmed. Eat a good supper and drink your champagne, then you will be better prepared to listen to all I have to say tonight—and I have a great deal to say," he concluded impressively.

She gave him a quick, apprehensive glance.

"Oh, George," she protested.

"You heard the good news this morning—that I have got my step? Here, try some of this pate de foie gras aspic: it looks uncommonly good."

He helped her as he spoke. He was a most self possessed man, this Captain Hamilton—quite capable of making a good supper and love at the same time.

"Yes, I was told, and I am very glad. I congratulate you. It will compensate a little for your having left the regiment to go into the staff corps. I wonder why father hates the staff corps so?"

"Because it robs him of his most promising youngsters. How bitterly opposed he was to my going; and all because he thought that in the far, far distance I might make a good adjutant to the regiment. I have been adjutant of the Fiftieth N. I. for the last two years, and now I have got my step."

"Yes; I suppose that in a pecuniary way you have done well;" and she sighed.

He lowered his voice and said impressively:

"Aimee, I can afford to keep a wife now."

But the girl looked distressed at his words, and the suspicion of a tear dimmed her eye.

"Oh, George, my father will never give his consent. You know that he never will."

"He shall give his consent; I intend to make him. See if I don't, you poor frightened little darling! Do you think stern fathers are never conquered? Only you must have patience. Here, have some more champagne, and some of this trifle. There's nothing like a good meal to build up one's courage. Hello! what are they doing now? Oh, 12 o'clock, is it? Silence for the C. O. and the general."

Glasses were filled, speeches were made and the gong tolled out the hour. Then each turned to his neighbor and good wishes were exchanged. The babel of voices recommenced with the ushering in of the new year.

Very shortly afterward Captain Hamilton was piloting his companion from the tent to a dimly lighted little anteroom. There, wholly hidden by a large group of crotons, he had his say.

His lovemaking, like his soldiering, was untainted by timidity or faint heartedness. It was useless for Aimee to doubt or fear; he would listen to nothing. Unable to resist his pleading, she caught something of his hope and enthusiasm, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

"A last kiss, and then one turn around the room before that waltz finishes," said George, with a happy sigh.

But it was not to be. Gentle Mrs. Baring approached her daughter with a troubled face.

"Oh, Aimee, I have been looking for you everywhere. Your father says that we must go home. He has managed to take cold, and is already quite choking. It is so trying, because he must be on parade tomorrow morning. The general will be there, and he cannot get off it."

Colonel Baring, who commanded the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, was not the man to shirk his duty. His only anxiety now was to get home and apply the usual remedies, in the earnest hope that the troublesome ailment might be staved off. He was annoyed that the necessity had risen for turning his back on his guests. He would have liked to have seen the ball out. He was also annoyed with the attentions Captain Hamilton had shown his daughter at supper, and the coffee was aggravated by the disappearance of the young couple immediately afterward. This, together with his embryo cold, conduced to bad temper, and made the drive home anything but pleasant for wife and daughter.

He did not dislike Captain Hamilton personally. On the contrary, the colonel recognized in him an unusually smart soldier, but he loathed the Indian staff corps. Its higher pay and richer plums lured the young subalterns from the queen's regiments, and in his time he had seen a dozen youngsters go from the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth alone. They had no business, in his opinion, to leave the regiment. It was only debt or love which made them do it. Why couldn't the staff corps be properly recruited without having to steal men from British regiments just as they are beginning to know their work?

Poor Aimee had to listen to a tirade on the subject as they drove home to their bungalow. She knew only too well what it all meant, and unsupported by her lover she was thrown back into the old despair. How could George overcome such prejudices? It would be impossible. She knew her father better than he did. It would need nothing short of a miracle to accomplish it.

Colonel Baring put his feet in hot mustard and water, and tried all the well known old household remedies, so fraudulent, so futile in most cases. The sleepy servants were roused from their warm blankets and sent flying in different directions, one for hot water, another for the whisky bottle, a third for the traveling rugs, a fourth for sweet spirits of niter.

In their anxiety to please the somewhat imperious master they brought remedies enough to have treated the whole company of men with influenza.

Mrs. Baring and Aimee administered patiently and gently to their wheezing patient until—fortunately for all parties concerned—he fell asleep among his blankets and was at peace—at peace except for the portentous snore that shook his frame.

Very early in the morning, before it was light, the ayah crept to the door of the bedroom with the tea tray.

"I am afraid your master is no better. His breathing is very thick," said Mrs. Baring in answer to the ayah's inquiring look. "However, he must go on parade. I hope his uniform is laid out ready, and tell the butler to see that the horse is saddled in good time."

Mrs. Baring returned to the bedside and found her husband awake. He was already firing off his feu de joie on proclamation morning in a volley of sneezes.

"Oh, confound this cold! Get me out some old soft silk handkerchiefs. I feel as if my head would burst," he cried as soon as he could speak.

Dressing this morning was no easy matter. Never had a man a worse or more weeping cold. Every now and again a fit of sneezing held him speechless in its grip. It was with the greatest difficulty that he got himself into his uniform, drank his tea and buckled on his sword. He was convinced, in spite of all his wife could say to the contrary, that he was late. He bustled out of the house, mounted his charger and galloped to the parade ground.

The English troops were drawn up in line on the opposite side, and on their left the native regiments were in position. All was ready for the eagle eye of the general.

Colonel Baring pulled up as he reached the ground. The general had not yet arrived. It was a relief and a respite, for it would give him time to blow that much afflicted nose of his once more. The morning air was sharp, for the sun was only just touching the horizon, and, confound it all, here was another fit of sneezing coming on!

Where was his handkerchief? Now, where had he put it in the bustle of dressing?

He felt in the cuff of each sleeve. It was not there. He stuck his fingers in the breast of his tunic. Of course it was not there. He never carried it in such a place. He looked around at his horsekeeper. No; he did not remember having given it to him to hold.

Horrors of horrors, he had come without it! What was he to do?

The knowledge that he had no handkerchief seemed to increase his cold, bad as it already was. The sneezing became more frequent, and, dash it all, his nose began to run!

What would the general say? Never did there exist a sharper eye for appearance than his. The slightest speck would be detected, and the scarlet uniform would show every spot.

It was most distressing, absurd though it may seem. Each moment the value of handkerchiefs rose in his eyes. There is no telling what sum he would not have given for one at that moment. His eyes were affected now, and the landscape was blurred by his influenza-bred tears.

He was riding slowly past the Seventieth Native infantry (to get to his men he would have to pass all the Sepoys), and he saw Colonel Smith at the head of the regiment with two or three of his officers. He rode up to him.

"Can you lend me such a thing as a handkerchief?" he asked, in his most conciliatory tones. "I have come without mine, and I have got the most infernal cold in my head."

Colonel Smith looked a little surprised at such a strange request.

"I have only one, my dear fellow, and as I have a slight cold also, I really daren't part with it. Have you one, major!" he said, turning to a fellow officer.

"Very sorry; I haven't one to spare."

Colonel Baring's dislike to the staff corps was well known, and none of the men asked felt inclined to make a sacrifice on his behalf; and it would have been a sacrifice to have parted with one's only handkerchief on such a cold morning.

Another and yet another officer was asked, but with no better success.

In the distance the general might be seen approaching. It was time, handkerchief or no handkerchief, that Colonel Baring took up his position, for it was to him that the general would first come.

Disheartened by his want of success, and distressed by his constant sneezing, he was passing the Fiftieth without a word. A familiar voice at his elbow cried:

"Good morning, colonel. A happy new year to you! How is your cold?"

"Oh, Hamilton, is that you? Thanks, I'm not at all well. I think I must have the real thing—the real influenza this time. I don't know when I have felt so bad; and, worse luck, I've forgotten my pocket handkerchief. I suppose you couldn't lend me such a thing!"

There was not much hope in the words as he uttered them. He had been very short and ungracious with the young man over night, even though he was his guest. It was hardly likely that he would feel very good naturedly disposed toward him this morning.

"I can't exactly give it to you, for I have only one. But I tell you what I'll do. I'll share it with you."

And Captain Hamilton drew out of his sleeve a large, soft, comforting silk handkerchief, the very sight of which was soothing to the afflicted man.

"Here, be quick; catch hold!" And the smart young adjutant reined his horse close up to Colonel Baring's side.

He drew his sword, and as the colonel clutched the coveted article he sliced it in two, leaving by far the larger share in the hands of the grateful man.

"My good fellow, how shall I ever thank you?" he cried between terrific trumpetlike blasts.

"Ask me in to breakfast this morning," returned George, with unbounded assurance.

The colonel eyed him for a moment, blew his nose again and nipped the last dislocating sneeze in the bud.

"You cheeky young dog, I know what you mean and what I let myself in for when I say yes. You may come, and you may think yourself lucky to have won her so easily."

He galloped off, and as he went he said to himself:

"He's a smart young fellow that. A man of such resources must come to the fore sooner or later. Not another in the field, including myself and the general, would have thought of halving a pocket handkerchief, and with his sword too! Yes, yes, I shan't be far wrong, though it is not exactly what I wished for Aimee. Pity he belongs to that confounded old staff corps. Why couldn't he have stuck to the regiment?"

The review passed off well. The general was pleased to compliment Colonel Baring on his men, and he also had a few words of praise to bestow on the adjutant of the Fiftieth.

Aimee rode out to the field in time to see the march past.

When the last volley had been fired and the business of the morning was finished, Captain Hamilton managed to get a few words with her.

They shook hands and exchanged the usual New Year greetings.

"Oh, you need not look at your father in that terrified fashion. He has given his consent, and I'm invited to breakfast."

She gave him a startled glance, and then turned away incredulous.

"Don't tease me, George. You know I can't bear it," and her lip actually trembled.

"My darling, I'm not teasing you. It is perfectly true. It was a bargain. Your father sold you to me this morning just before the general came."

"Sold me!"

She began to think that he had taken leave of his senses.

"Yes; sold you for a silk rag—for half a pocket handkerchief. See, here is the other half," and he pulled the remnant out of his sleeve.

Her troubled face cleared a little, but showed no signs of enlightenment.

"I must go now," he exclaimed. "I'll tell you all about it if you will invite me into that snug little morning room of yours after breakfast." And with a happy smile he trotted back to his post, for the men were preparing to march to their lines.

When George wants to tease his wife now he tells her that she isn't worth much, for she was "sold for a silk rag."

—London Society.

Parlor Boxing.

A little group of men gathered in front of a private residence uptown last night about 8 p. m. and witnessed a lively set-to with the gloves between a young lady and gentleman in a parlor. The participants, unconscious that the eyes of a sporting loving public were upon them, were getting in some fine work in true sportsmanlike style amid the frequent applause of their friends. At the end of the fifth round, when the young lady was evidently getting the best of the contest, somebody pulled the curtain down and the free show ended for those outside.—Albany Journal.

DREARY PRISON LIFE.

MULTIFARIOUS TRICKS OF THE CONVICTS TO KILL TIME.

Tragedies Behind the Bars—Men Who Deliberately Maim Themselves in Order to Evade the Regular Routine of Prison Life—Men Who Sham Sickness.

There are many incidents in the prison life of convicts that are out of the ordinary, and may be said to form part of their pleasures, although some are weird and tragic enough in themselves to be classed as anything but pleasures. I recollect on one occasion that I was appointed a special "trusty" over a tall, lank, dark featured young southerner who, in a moment of hopeless desperation, had cut his throat.

Teddy, as we will call him, had been a headstrong boy, and his parents could not control him, and after a youthful vagabondage he had enlisted in the regular army, where he was always in trouble. When under my care in the special hospital ward to which he had been sent he related much of his past life to me, and I learned that he had attempted to take his life when he was a soldier in the same manner as he had done in state prison.

He was not a bad sort of fellow, but being of a sensitive nature, as well as unreasonable, he allowed his gloomy thoughts to master him, and this would result in periods of depression and subsequent desperation, and he cared not what he said or did. In fact, he was inclined to emotional insanity.

One night, while my fellow trusty and I were engaged in conversation, he lay on his cot pondering over his gloomy fate, when something we said aroused him, and he flew into a rage, got up and grappled me in a desperate manner.

I quickly flung him back on his cot and pinioned him, telling my fellow trusty—a mere boy—to ring up the guard.

It was a terrible struggle to keep him in subjection until the guard arrived, for his frenzy gave him almost superhuman strength. He quieted down as soon as the guard arrived and said he was a fool for getting into such a temper, and as he feared the straitjacket he promised to behave himself in the future.

He, however, in another of his frenzied attacks attempted to tear open the wound in his throat, and it was by no means an easy matter to prevent him doing so. But a reasonable and sympathetic talk generally conquered his excitability. He finally was sent to the insane asylum.

One morning as prayer was being said in the prison chapel one of the convicts set up a howl and began barking like a dog, after which he clapped his hands—one, two, three; one, two, three—and this caused a general murmur of mixed merriment and expectation.

Two guards immediately passed to the end of the form on which he was sitting and were hustling him out of the chapel when he flew into a rage, struggled with them and hurled horrible curses at them as well as at the officiating chaplain, who was a particularly obnoxious man to the prisoners. Whether the fellow was insane or not I cannot say. The prison authorities thought he was not, and he was roundly punished for his escapade.

On another occasion as we were marching into the hall for supper one of the convicts gave a howl, threw up his arms and dropped dead on the floor—a fellow convict had stabbed him. There was some enmity between the two, and it resulted in the death of both.

I was hospital trusty, and a long line of prisoners were being attended to by the doctor for real or imaginary ills. One of the prisoners on this particular occasion had nearly served his term of sentence, and he was to have been examined in order that the medical officer could report on his condition.

I was preparing a dose of common stuff for the prisoner standing next but one to him when he fell forward on the floor and blood gushed from his mouth in a stream. He had ruptured a blood vessel, and in spite of the doctor's efforts the poor fellow died.

Malingering is a very general method among prisoners to shirk the monotony or the labor consequent on their imprisonment. Anything that will relieve the tediousness and is at hand is brought into action. One here in the quarry will mash his finger in order that he may be sent to the hospital.

Another there will—quite accidentally of course—fall down the corridor steps and sustain such injuries as to insure a quiet time of convalescence on a hospital diet, and so forth; but the prison doctor is au fait with all classes of malingers, and uses his experience in treating such as come before him. Consequently the good times often anticipated never materialize.

I know one ignorant, soft headed fellow who became really ill by eating the soap he was allowed with which to perform his daily ablutions. Often had cases come before me where soap eating had put men into a feeble state of health and lent a sickly aspect to their countenances, but this fellow was sick, and no mistake.

After a course of treatment which was in itself as bad as the cause for it he was, however, restored and sent into solitary confinement as a further punishment. He never ate soap again, but, I may remark, he was subsequently poisoned by eating some of the vegetable growths around where he, with his fellows, was wont to labor.

All things considered, the malingerer comes out only second best, but it must be a terrible punishment that causes men to resort to it in order to lighten their burdens.

The two most notable cases I have ever met of this kind were where a man boldly put his foot under a falling mass of stone in the quarry, causing it to be terribly crushed and to be eventually amputated; and, in the second case, where a man feigned rheumatism and underwent every conceivable torture at the hands of the prison physician, who knew the fellow was shamming.—New York Herald.

Edison's First Marriage.

The story of Edison's first marriage shows how completely he is dominated by the experimenting fever. He had never thought of getting married, but when some of his friends urged upon him the advisability of taking a wife he assented and said that if they would find a nice girl he would marry her. He finally picked out a pleasant faced girl from his factory and asked her to marry him. She consented, and Edison agreed to leave his beloved laboratory for a day's wedding trip. On the way from the chapel in which they were married to the railway station the carriage passed the laboratory.

The temptation was too much. Edison stopped the carriage and, telling the bride that he would follow her to the station in time to catch the train, he plunged into some experiment that had occurred to him during the church services. Hour after hour passed. The poor bride waited all the afternoon in the station and was then driven back to the house. It was 11 o'clock at night before his assistants could tear Edison away from his laboratory and get him home.

When he is at work Edison loses all count of time. He will keep the whole establishment on a rush for hours at a stretch, and seems astonished when any one hints that it might be well to get something to eat. He is capable of working all day and night without showing fatigue.—Chicago Journal.

Speed and Form in Ships.

The primary condition for high speed is fineness of form, so that the water at the bow of the vessel may be separated and thrown to one side and brought to rest again at the stern and behind the vessel with the least possible disturbance, and the measure of efficiency of form for the maximum speed intended is inversely at the height of the waves of disturbance.

A ship that has been designed to attain a speed of fifteen knots will, when moving at twelve knots, show a very slight disturbance indeed, and in one designed for eighteen knots, when moving at this lower speed, it will be scarcely observable; but however fine the lines of a ship may be, she must at every speed produce some disturbance, although it may be very slight, as the water displaced by her must be raised above the normal level and replaced at the normal level: hence, at or near the bow of a ship there is always the crest of a wave, and at or near the stern the hollow of one.

When a vessel is going at its maximum speed, and is properly designed for that speed, the wave should not be very high, nor should it extend beyond the immediate neighborhood of the bow; likewise the wave of replacement should be the same at or near the stern of a ship, and the "wake" or disturbance of water left behind in the track of the ship should be narrow.—A. E. Seaton in Scribner's.

Coats in Theaters.

What ought one to do with one's coat, hat and umbrella on entering a restaurant or other place of entertainment? What one ought not to do is to hang them on the nearest peg. However invitingly these conveniences may offer themselves, it is at your own risk that you intrust your property to their keeping. You have no remedy if (as will sometimes happen even in the best regulated restaurants) somebody makes off with them, leaving a very inferior assortment of articles behind. If, however, a polite waiter offers to help one off with one's coat, all is well. If he takes your property and hangs it up for you he does so as an agent of his employers, and you can recover from them if it disappears.

This principle has been asserted for theatrical cloak rooms by a decision against Mr. Augustus Harris in the Westminster county court. A gentleman had left his coat and hat with Mr. Harris—that is, in Mr. Harris' cloak room—on the occasion of one of the fancy dress balls at Covent Garden. They disappeared. He had to leave without his property, and has only lately and partially got some of it back. His honor said (we are glad to see) it was monstrous to say that merely nominal damages were sufficient.—Pall Mall Budget.

Why Called "Omnibus."

The father of the popular name "omnibus," according to Richard Kaufmann's story of "The Omnibus in Paris," was a certain M. Baudry, of Nantes, at the beginning of our century. The Pascal coaches, which obtained a monopoly from the king in 1662 for carrying his subjects at five sous a head, along three different routes in Paris, were first used by the bourgeoisie. But after a few years gentlemen and ladies of high birth and courtly breeding ruled that it was not vulgar to ride in a Pascal chariot or "five sous coach."

The use of these public conveyances by the "quality" was noted as an important event in the journals of the time; but it resulted in the exclusion of the common people from them, and the virtual appropriation of these privileged coaches by the aristocrats. The favor of "the classes" ruined the monopoly, however, which only paid so long as its coaches were crowded by the masses, or "omnes." So the Pascal chariot disappeared from the streets of Paris because it had ceased to be omnibus, or a democratic vehicle.—Pall Mall Gazette.

How Hair Is Blanched.

It will be observed that, if the papilla is obstructed or incrusted with deposits from the sweat glands, such as sodium chloride or organic salts, the sebaceous secretion not being able to reach the papilla the hair is deprived of its coloring material. This we believe to be one of the most common causes of blanching of the hair. The skin eliminates a small quantity of salts, a little carbonic acid and a large quantity of water. The average amount of solids, according to Foster, in the fluid perspiration or sweat, is about 1.81 per cent., consisting of common salt and organic salts generally.—Hyland C. Kirk in New York Times.

THE HOUSEHOLDER'S DIFFICULTY.

A Comparison of the Old Way and the New Way of Buying and Selling.

Any householder, whose happiness it is to pay for the supplies of a family, must be aware of the extreme difficulty of getting with any certainty a steadily good article of almost any sort. It is easier in the case of luxuries, for the reason that for these the demand is more limited, the number of purchasers smaller, the number of producers correspondingly small and the chance of tracking bad work or untruthful statements greater. But for the things which every one must have, and which most must have as cheap as may be, buying is a lottery with a miserable prevalence of blanks.

You can get virtuous butter for a dollar a pound, but the search for eatable butter at forty cents a pound is a weary and depressing pursuit. It is the same with the innumerable articles of clothing and materials of clothing. From the hat that grows gray in a month's service to the shoe soles that will not stand a day's rough tramping, the things that are turned out in large quantities for "the million" are not trustworthy.

I think the chief reason is that in our complex and widely ramified system of exchanges the producer and the consumer rarely come into direct relation with each other. The former rarely knows, and still more rarely cares, for the opinion the latter may have of him, of his methods, his character and his goods. The seller deals today with one set of buyers, tomorrow with another, and so on, and the buyers change their places of purchase with the greatest frequency.

The relation indicated by the old fashioned words "custom" and "customer" is dying out, and with it the possibility of accountability and the hope of profitable honesty. The type of modern retail dealing is that most abominable device the "bargain counter," where cheapness, real or imagined, is the main thing considered.—Scribner's.

A Blissful Ignorance.

Nature has evidently done wisely in hiding tomorrow behind an impenetrable night. What a dismal plight it would be for Flora to foresee Reginald's angry impatience and possible profanity in the sudden May day shower, and so for an incident which has not yet occurred to feel that she must give him the mitten! We can hear the poor girl sobbing, "Reginald, I love thee, but never more be suitor of mine." But why, in the summer moonlight, as they loiter by the sea and breathe the lover's vow, should they listen for the laugh of fate? Why, because of that unfallen shower of May upon furniture yet unstuffed, should they lose the hour which, whatever betides, will be theirs forever? Why should Flora know Reginald except as time gradually reveals him?

Would you have her see today the thin white hair on the shining dome that shall tomorrow replace this brown luxuriance of curls? Would you have her aghast untimely at that ponderous form which shall hereafter supersede this slight and elastic figure? Would it be better for her or for him if she could hear the sharp, impatient word that from those tender lips she never yet has heard?

Who knows? Perhaps that she has never suspected the possibility of that sharp word may make it impossible. Who knows? Perhaps when May day moving comes there may be no sudden shower.—George William Curtis in Harper's.

A Huge Turtle.

About two miles below the junction, in this county, can be found a deep hole of water in Current river, in which a large turtle, measuring about four feet across the back, has been seen at different times for the last fifty years. Various plans have been devised and put into execution to capture the tortoise, but up to the present time to no avail, as he seems to be proof against spikes, spears, gigs, gunpowder and dynamite.

A few days since a hunter residing in that neighborhood, while passing along near the river bank, espied his turtleship basking in the sunshine on the root of a large oak. Quickly bringing his Winchester to his shoulder (a 48-caliber) he fired, the ball striking the monster fairly between the eyes. But judge of his chagrin and surprise when the turtle, instead of tumbling over dead, quietly let go his hold and swam away as placidly and unconcerned as if he had been thumped by a gravel.

Upon examination the hunter found that the ball, after striking the turtle, had glanced upward and imbedded itself in the body of the oak to a depth of six inches. It is supposed that the monster shellfish made his way up from the Mississippi river in the great freshet in the spring of 1841.—Eminence (Mo.) Current Wave.

A Story of Miss Eames.

It is recorded of the young beauty that the Prince of Wales, one evening during a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," sent one of his aides-de-camp to inform her that he was coming to visit her in her loge to congratulate her on her brilliant success. "Many thanks to his royal highness for his kind intentions," was the reply of Miss Eames, "but I never receive calls from gentlemen in my dressing room. If the prince and princess will permit me, I shall be happy to come to the royal box and pay my respects to them instead."

This spirited yet courteous response was reported to the Prince of Wales, and, in consequence, he has taken a great fancy to the young vocalist, who is to be the prima donna at the private concert which the prince and princess will give at Marlborough House.—Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Cat That Plays the Piano.

Milton Moshier, of Shelton, Conn., heard sounds from his piano the other morning, and knowing that no one was in the room he began to be a believer in spirits. On investigation he found his cat prancing up and down on the keyboard, seemingly delighted at the sounds produced. After that she was watched, and whenever the piano is left open she will play upon it to the best of her ability.—Cor. New York Sun.

Wearing Linen.

"So you have given up wearing flannel. Why is this?" asked one lady of another.

"I gave it up because I found something so much more comfortable. I am going to turn the order of undergarments topsy turvy, and wear linen in winter for warmth and wool in summer for coolness, if I ever wear wool at all, which is somewhat doubtful. Why, my dear, do you know that I always take cold when I leave off my linen house dresses in the fall and put on wool ones? I had noticed this for several seasons, and finally made some experiments, by which I satisfied myself that linen or cotton was warmer than wool, and so I am going to fly in the face of tradition and custom and wear linen; and you will find that my health will improve. I entertain ideas about the healthfulness of garments that can only be washed in warm water.

"Of course we know that a moderate degree of heat not only does not destroy the germs of disease, but is favorable to their growth, and it appears to me that flannels worn from month to month, sometimes from season to season, with only warm baths between wearings, must, in the nature of things, accumulate impurities. Suppose there is an illness or exposure to disease, how could there be more favorable conditions for its continuance than the flannels as at present managed? Of course, I don't expect all the world to follow my example, nor do I think it will affect the traffic in wool goods. I only know I will have better health and will be much more comfortable in linen than in wool. This is only my notion of what is good for me."—New York Ledger.

Boiling Clothes with Kerosene.

For a boilerful of clothes use two-thirds of a cake of soap and four tablespoonfuls of kerosene. Lessen the quantity both of soap and kerosene for a small washing. Put cold rain water—kerosene cannot be used with any but rain water—in the boiler, to the depth of three or four inches; shave up the soap, measure the kerosene, and add both to the water while it is cold. Boil together thoroughly, watching that it does not foam over on the stove. Then add enough cold water to boil the clothes in and put them in—the best white ones—while the water is cold. Bring to a boil, and boil steadily for ten minutes. Take out into a tub of cold rain water and suds.

Rinse and blue in still other waters. There will be no rubbing, except to get the suds out, for the dirt has all disappeared. Add to the suds in the boiler a little more soap and kerosene if there are many towels, etc., for the next batch. After it boils well cool a little with cold water, and put in the dirtiest of the white clothes. These will boil during the sudsing and rinsing of the first lot. Wash the colored clothes in the sudsing water by hand, or with a machine if preferred. Flannels especially wash easier for the kerosene in the suds, and there is nothing about it to fade the most delicate fabric.—Agnes Rosenkrans in Good Housekeeping.

Dr. Holmes Tells a Strange Story.

Dr. Holmes told me the other day a curious experience of his. At dinner one night he was suddenly moved, apropos of nothing, to relate a very curious criminal case that he had not even thought of, so far as he knew, for forty years. When they left the dining room and passed into the library it was found the mail had been delivered while they were at dinner and lay on the table.

Dr. Holmes opened a paper sent him by a friend in England, and behold, it contained the same story of the long past crime that he had just been relating, revived in the newspaper, and a friend in England, thinking it would interest him from its curious character, had sent it to him.

"Now, what," said Dr. Holmes, "put the story at that moment in my mind? I suppose the Spiritualists would say that a spirit read what was in the paper lying in another room and communicated it to me. Or was it possibly my unconscious self that saw it and communicated it to the brain?"

"Which do you think it was, Dr. Holmes?" I asked, curious to hear his keen and subtle analysis of so strange an occurrence.

"I have no theories," he replied; "I only state facts."—Boston Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Proper Bridal Etiquette.

There are many little things about weddings that people inquire about. The bride writes a personal note of thanks for every gift received, whether it be a great one or a little one, and, if she cannot do this before the ceremony, she does it after the bridal trip. In the church the bridegroom's family and friends sit at the right of the altar, being on the bridegroom's right hand, while those of the bride are placed on the left at the bride's left. The bridegroom does not pay for anything connected with the wedding unless he should choose to send bouquets to the bridesmaids, and, of course, to the bride, and presents and boutonnieres to his best man and the ushers. A widow removes her first wedding ring at her second marriage, and does not assume it again. The engagement ring is taken from the third finger of the left hand and worn afterward as a guard to the wedding ring. It is not considered good taste to cut the finger out of the glove for assuming the ring. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Bugs as Medicine.

Chinese drug stores, which may be numbered by the score in the Mongolian quarter, are in themselves complete and unabridged museums of insects. In the hundreds of neat drawers which line the walls and in the numerous jars of fantastic design and barbaric form which ornament these establishments are to be found preserved flies, beetles, bees and every other species of insect life, not to mention every variety of toad, snake and lizard. Every box is carefully labeled with Chinese signs, and the contents are carefully dried before being stored away for medical use.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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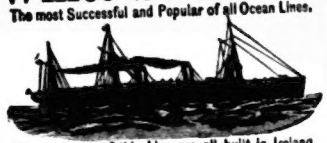

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G O Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3628 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J E Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgenann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4438 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E H Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J E Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Francobere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometzek, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Eaier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 413 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Paxel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conceptico Court, No. 30—Simon J. Foehan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Hoiden, F S Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 222 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Pariah School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows. Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 507 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Nierabach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thuredays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A P Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 358 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell, 3719 Lowe av.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick P. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 661 S. Halsted-st, Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec., Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Eisenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 99 Emerson av; V.-P., P. D. Kirby, Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin C. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3128 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas. James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Asaner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan, V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

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Div. No. 18—Pres., st. Lotus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 2800 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3318 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
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Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahanka Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle-sts.
County Delegate, Richard Powers, 3617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.
County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.
County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.
County Treasur

ONE MAN'S SNAKE RECORD.

True History of a Georgian Who Does Not Wish to Pose as a Munchausen.

There is a citizen of Voldosta who has had some startling experiences with poisonous snakes during his life. He is entirely responsible, does not like notoriety and seldom talks of his adventures with reptiles, because he fears his recital of them would not be believed, and he does not care to figure as a Munchausen among snake story tellers.

Some time ago he was attracted by the laughing of a child who was at play in the front yard. Looking through the window he discovered to his horror that the child was playing with a great live rattlesnake, which sprang its warning rattle just as the child was rescued from what would have been certain death.

At another time recently, while wading in a branch, he stepped on a large water moccasin, and narrowly escaped being bitten, as he had crushed the body of the reptile and aroused its wrath. It did show fight, however, chasing him to dry land.

"On still another occasion," says this hero of many battles with snakes, "I had cause to tramp all day with some companions in a swamp, and it was during snake time of the year. During that day I had the misfortune to step on as many as three live and wriggling moccasins at different times, but had the good luck, as usual, to get off without having their poisonous fangs struck into my flesh. No other one of the party had any such close calls. It all fell to my lot.

"At another time, while I was pushing my way through a thick and boggy swamp, one of my feet broke through the moss covered mud, and it threw me forward. I caught at a tussock just by me, and threw my hand on a large moccasin. It flinched, but did not move. I was stuck in the mud. Its forked tongue flashed in my face! I could not get up without a struggle, and I was afraid to make the effort, fearing that a movement on my part would bring a strike in the face. I held my breath, while my hand went to my belt, and I drew therefrom a pistol. In an instant I got in the first blow, and the snake's head went off. A friend stood on a tussock five feet away watching the tragedy—in one act.

"Recently I was hunting cows in the pine woods. I rode a mule. I was going at a slow lope. Suddenly the beast threw its head down with a snort, and plowed the earth with both fore hoofs in a desperate effort to take up. I went over the horn of the saddle and astride of the mule's neck, and would have pitched over my head on the spot had I not seized the animal's ears, one in each hand, as I struggled wildly to prevent a fall. My head and chest went full over its head, but my grip on the long ears and my feet locked around its neck saved me for the time.

"Thus poised in a ridiculous attitude, my beast regained its footing, and then began backing and slamming me about against brush and sapling, until I rolled off on the ground. When I gained my feet I discovered a large rattlesnake in coil under a palmetto bush, just in front of the spot where the mule made the desperate effort to stop, and if I had gone over the animal's head I would have fallen head foremost upon the deadly reptile.

"More wonderful to relate, a little toddler who was burdened with my name came across a rattler one day and picked it up, and went around playing with it until an older brother discovered the child's peril and jerked it away from the snake."—Atlanta Constitution.

Hitting the Nail.

The travel of thousands of human beings up and down the tiled corridors of the postoffice has so worn the tiles that it is like walking over plowed ground. An old man and his wife, evidently strangers on a visit, were inspecting the interior of the building the other day, when she noticed the roughness and called his attention to it, and added:

"Samuel, I didn't know that sich a floor as this ever warped."

"Of course it don't," he replied, as he stopped to look.

"Then it's settled or sprung."

"Can't be. Stone floors can't spring. Lemme take a look."

He went out doors and peered around for two or three minutes, and then rejoined her to say:

"Can't see any place where he got under, but I know what's the matter. Some stray hog's got under there and ris part of the floor up with his back. Don't you remember how they used to crawl under our kitchen and almost lift the hull house up?"—New York World.

The Cost of Feasts in the Past.

In 1638 the opening of Inigo Jones' new theater was celebrated by an elaborate banquet, attended by the lords of the council, and the bill amounted to £34 5s. 4d., exclusive of wine. Glass and plate were hired, and some of the former was broken and had to be paid for. We have the details of three dinners in 1676. A leg of mutton costs 8s. 4d.; a sirloin of beef, 9s.; 3 chickens and 3 rabbits, 5s. 6d.; 8 artichokes, 1s., and 4 cauliflowers, 1s. 3d. For buttered ale, the ingredients of which were a hundred eggs, 8 gallons of ale, 2 pounds of butter, 8 pounds of sugar and 1 ounce of nutmegs, the charge was 10s. 11d.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Silver, Not Honor, Wanted.

Theodore de Banville, the poet, could not be persuaded to seek a place in the French Academy. One day Francois Coppee vainly tried all his arts to overcome the prejudice of De Banville. "But," he cried at last, "what will you do if we bring you the notification of your election on a silver plate?" De Banville answered quickly, "I shall certainly accept the silver plate."—Paris Figaro.

Proof.

"Sweets are said to be bad for the teeth."

"They are, very. My wife made a pie the other day, and I broke five of my front ones trying to bite through it."—Harper's Bazar.

Why He Was at Home.

When the Confederate army was pouring through Richmond, on its march toward the Peninsula, the soldiers received constant and substantial tokens of the good will of the people of the region. Women and children thronged the sidewalks, pressing on their defenders everything which the scanty Confederate larder could supply, while from many of the houses gloves, socks and comforters rained down upon the companies. Mr. T. C. DeLeon, in "Four Years in Rebel Capitals," gives an incident connected with this march of the sort which is calculated to move the roughest soldier's heart.

The southern soldier was ever a cheerful animal, with a general spice of sardonic humor. Refreshed inwardly and outwardly, the men would march down the street, answering the waving handkerchiefs at every window with wild cheers. Nor did they spare any amount of chaff to those luckless stay-at-homes encountered on the streets.

"Come out'r that black coat!" "I know ye'er a conscrip'! Don't yer want 'er go for a sojer?" Yere's yer chance ter git yer substertoot!"

These and similar shouts, leveled at the head of some unlucky wight, brought roars of laughter from the soldiers and from the victim's unsympathetic friends.

At one house a pale, boyish looking youth was noted at a window with a lady. Both energetically waved handkerchiefs, and the men answered with a yell, but the opportunity was too good to lose.

"Come right along, sonny!" was the cry. "The lady'll spare yer! Here's a little muskit fur ye!"

"All right, boys!" cheerily responded the youth, rising from his seat. "Have you got a leg for me too?" and Colonel F—— stuck the shortest of stumps on the window seat.

With one impulse the battalion halted, faced to the window, and came to "present!" as their cheers rattled the windows of the block. That chord had been touched by which the roughest soldier is ever moved.

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Attorneys-at-Law,

ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,

36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,

CHICAGO.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter Clarke, a native of Co. Cavan, Ireland; last heard from about ten years ago; was then in Gunnis n, Colorado. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his brother, JAS. CLARKE, 1267 W. Sixteenth st, Chicago, Ill.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D 1891 John G. Haueise vs. Sarah Haueise. In Chancery. No. 91,759.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Haueise that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. —ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic. To Orlow H. Crotser, and to all whom it may concern:

Please take notice that on the 20th day of July, 1891, being the first day of the July Term 1891, of the Probate Court of Cook County, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, I, Augusta Kennedy, Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, shall present to said court, at the Probate Court room, in the court house, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, my petition and application for leave to sell, according to law, all that certain real estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, situated in said County and State, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the East half (E½) of the Northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8), Township Thirty nine (39), North, Range fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian, for the purpose of enabling me to pay the debts of said Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.

AUGUSTA KENNEDY,

Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.

Dated Chicago, June 8, 1891.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

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DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. JULIA ENRIGHT, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof. WINIFRED SHEA, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM MURPHY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1891, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 26 1891
WILLIAM F. MURPHY, Administrator.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administrator, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building.

NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Krasky.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

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